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Paying for the Railways

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Clause Four Muddle

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The Case of Student Strecker

As the truth about West German plans to construct missile bases in Spain – and, worse, to circumvent the Brussels Treaty by manufacturing weapons of mass-destruction there – begins to emerge, public opinion is at last becoming aware of the true nature of the Adenauer regime. It is high time. Since the allied anti-Nazi legislation was dismantled by Dr Adenauer – with the connivance of the German Social Democrats – men deeply involved in the Nazi terror have begun to play a leading part in the federal and provincial administrations. Their interests are sedulously protected by Dr Adenauer. And those who seek to expose their records are themselves subjected to official persecution.

One recent and serious example is the case of Reinhard Strecker, a research-worker and employee of the Free University in West Berlin. Strecker has been the instigator of a campaign to expose prominent Nazis in the public service, above all in the judiciary. This began with an exhibition of Nazi documents, held in Karlsruhe and Berlin, which is now being shown in Oxford. Strecker has also served writs for manslaughter on 43 Nazi judges and lawyers who are now back in public service. As a result the Bonn authorities have written privately to the Rector of his university in an effort to secure his dismissal, and he believes that he is now blacklisted from all centres of higher learning. The West Berlin Minister of Justice has described him as 'a paid agent of the East German regime'. The federal government has stated that his information comes from Communist sources, and the Social Democrats have warned the public not to visit his exhibition.

What are the facts? Strecker has for years run an organisation to help victims of the Pankow regime. He belongs to the Socialist Students' League, which is recognised by the federal government and receives a grant from public funds. The evidence he has collected, from East Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia, can be checked against duplicates held by the US government. Its authenticity has been admitted by Dr Güde, Director of Prosecutions in the federal High Court. Strecker has been careful to distinguish between judges who merely held Nazi office and those who voluntarily imposed death sentences in cases for which even the Nazi code provided lesser penalties. Indeed, by the use of a meticulous investigatory method, he has corrected a number of errors in Communist allegations. The Bonn authorities have been unable to identify a single instance of fabrication or inaccuracy in any of the cases he has brought to their attention. On the contrary, they have themselves prevented him from corroborating his charges from western-held sources.

They have been able to do this under a recent US decision to grant Bonn the right to veto access to records held by the allies. And it is here that the British government becomes directly involved in the scandal. Nazi documents, the property of the British Crown, have been transferred to the Washington archives, on the understanding that Britain retains co-ownership. The US decision to grant Bonn a veto therefore applies to these documents. Was Britain a party to this decision? And if not has it still the unilateral power to grant access? The point is vital and urgent. Under a German statute of limitations, manslaughter charges against Nazi criminals cannot be brought after next May; corroboration of Strecker's charges from 'respectable' western archives must therefore be secured before this date. Moreover, there is reason to believe that, if access is not quickly restored, the documents will 'disappear'. The US authorities are now sorting them, with the intention of restoring to Bonn all items except those classified as 'secret'. This category includes only those documents dealing with the Communist underground. In short, Bonn will soon have sole rights over all the relevant Nazi records in the West – including the right to consign them to the incinerator. There is still time for Mr Macmillan to prove to the British public that his government is not a party to this conspiracy to suppress the truth.

Comments on the Week's News

The Fake Deterrent

The crux of Britain's defence problem – which never clearly emerged in this week's debate – is whether, quite apart from wisdom or morals, Britain can physically continue to maintain a deterrent force. This hinges on a further question: has Britain a deterrent force at present? Both Mr Watkinson and Mr George Brown have accepted uncritically the estimates of Bomber Command – that, in an emergency, the 200 existing Mark I V-bombers can deliver up to 100 nuclear bomb-loads on Soviet urban targets (only a fraction of these, it should be noted, would be megaton weapons). They therefore accept that the *existing* deterrent will be effective 'into the mid-Sixties'. This estimate, however, is itself based upon two assumptions, one dubious, the other demonstrably false. The dubious assumption is that existing Soviet air defence systems would not destroy more than 50 per cent of the V-bomber force before it arrived on target. But Soviet air defence is the subject about which we know the least, and if we make the same discount of over-optimistic intelligence reports which we have been driven to make by bitter experience in the case of Soviet delivery systems, we should be unwise to expect that more than ten per cent would deliver on target. Do 20 nuclear bomb-loads constitute an effective deterrent? It is very unlikely, to judge by current Soviet theory. Moreover, the real position is worse than this. Our physical inability to provide an IRBM early warning system means that all our bombers could be destroyed in an initial ballistic strike from central Europe, delivered without warning. Bomber Command's reply is that, in practice, this would be preceded by political tension, during which it would act on a 24-hour alert. But the size of the establishment on which the alert would operate is not disclosed. If Bomber Command had three times its aircrews, and double its number of bombers, plus additional airfields – and if the government were prepared to finance this – the alert system might allow us to get 200 bombers into the air, and so count on a 20 bomb-load strike. But in fact it is planned to operate the alert on the present establishment; so that – even if Bomber Command is correct in assuming it would have a 'political' warning – it would be unlikely to get more than 50 machines in the air, which means a five bomb-load strike. This, beyond question, is not an effective deterrent, in 1960, let alone 'into the mid-Sixties'.

South African Undercurrents

In this week, which has seen the opening in Britain of the boycott campaign against South African goods, the Nationalist caucus in Cape Town has been assured that the Union government is to introduce legislation making boycott action illegal. The government has also assured its supporters that it will so frame the law that it can apply to those South Africans overseas who advocate a boycott of South African goods. It will be interesting to see how the government wriggles out of the danger that such a law could also apply to the boycott being conducted by the Nationalists on Indian traders. This legislation move is a sign of Nationalist nerves. One reaction to Mr Macmillan's speech in Cape Town has been to encourage the Nationalists to retire within their ideological laager, but another has been to disturb those Afrikaaners who have penetrated the business world and are thus in a position to recognise the influence of overseas criticism on their pockets. Their fears had begun before Mr Macmillan arrived and were seen in the creation of the South African Foundation. This organisation, backed by 25 leading industrialists including a number of Nationalists, has been established to correct misrepresentation of South Africa overseas. It is becoming clear that big business in South Africa is worried about overseas reaction to *apartheid*, but has no intention of sponsoring the non-European movement. Their object is to secure unity between the unsettled Nationalists, a section of the United Party and perhaps even some Progressives. This, they believe, would thus enable them to overthrow Dr Verwoerd and replace him by the traditional South African coalition. Considering the present strength of the National Party, its discipline and patronage, the effort is probably foredoomed to failure. It is more likely to disillusion the non-Europeans still further with the white opposition and leave the Afrikaner laager surrounded by the united anger of Africans, Indians and Coloureds.

Appeasement in Uganda

The recent statement by the Governor of Uganda, Sir Frederick Crawford, on the constitutional future of the country is disappointing. The issue is straightforward. The Kabaka of Buganda and some of his chiefly colleagues are desperately anxious to prevent democratic, responsible government from being established in the Protectorate before they have made their own traditionalist position safe. On the other hand, the party politicians, although divided on many issues, are at one in trying to develop a modern democratic state. The Wild Committee recently came down heavily on the side of the politicians. It recommended universal adult suffrage, the appointment of a Chief Minister, and a Council of Ministers responsible to the elected legislature. The Governor's statement reduces these proposals to an elected majority in the legislature, 'a further extension of the franchise,' and the continuation of an Executive Council appointed by the Governor, who will continue to preside over it. This back-pedalling, particularly the rejection of universal suffrage and responsible government, bodes ill for the future of the territory. The publication of the Wild Report was followed by such satisfaction amongst Africans that it seemed possible for the first time for a strongly organised democratic movement to develop. The anger which will be caused by this Colonial Government appeasement of the traditionalists may well destroy that hope and lead the way to another period of destructive hostility between the various African groups.

Rouble versus Dollar

Chou En-lai's cordial acceptance of Mr Nehru's invitation to visit India must have the immediate effect of relaxing tension in Asia: it may well have been Mr Krushchev's farewell gift to Nehru, for it is difficult to believe that there have not been some blunt telegrams circulating between Krushchev and Chou during Krushchev's Asian tour. Nevertheless peace-making between India and China has not been Krushchev's primary purpose. The more neutral you are, the more roubles you can expect. This, writes Dorothy Woodman from Delhi, is what Krushchev has been telling the leaders of India, Burma and Indonesia. And for good value, he told an audience in Calcutta that the Soviet Union would not get into the contaminated pool of certain states, grown rich from colonial plunder, which were now proclaiming aid for under-developed countries. In Rangoon's relaxed atmosphere, he offered General Ne Win and his family visas to the moon, accepted a lavish cream cake, and told the Burmese they must take full advantage of the Russian-donated Institute of Technology. In Djakarta, he dropped into President Sukarno's musically-trained, but not economically interested, ear the pleasant strains of anti-colonialism. All Indonesia's difficulties, he said, could be overcome if they could once get rid of 'the remnants of undermined and ruined old systems'. Krushchev's large entourage included top economists who could fill in the details of his spacious images with some hard planning. Meanwhile, President Eisenhower announces increased cooperation in World Bank schemes, and the good news is released that financial agreement on the £360m Indus Waters scheme has at last been reached. Soviet broadcasts to Asia attack western aid as a new phase of imperialism, in contrast to rouble aid – which, it claims, is aimed at a country's independence. The political path to the summit may be daisy-strewn; the economic road is a trail of roubles.

Dons' Delight

An informal poll among the Oxford graduates on the staff of this journal shows, perhaps unexpectedly, that they prefer Macmillan to Franks by a majority of six to five – though nobody cares enough to vote. The most favoured reasons quoted for support of Macmillan are: (1) that Franks is the archetypal Establishment-man, whose acceptance of preferment by the Labour government should by no means be equated with a radical spirit – by contrast Macmillan is seen as an attractive and colourful rascal; (2) that a resplendent standard-bearer is more desirable in the Chancellorship than a quasi-professional university man. Those who prefer Franks are mainly swayed by the propositions that (1) the Prime Minister would be inhibited by his high office from taking a suitably partisan view of such strictly partisan enterprises as an attempt, let us say, to move the Morris works to Cambridge; (2) a vote for Macmillan is a vote for Trevor-Roper. In Oxford itself all these considerations apply, though probably with different emphasis: the Franks faction is almost certainly ahead inside the university – Franks himself is *par excellence* a don's man. What dark emotions are stirring in that army of stout anglican hearts which is expected to march on Oxford this Saturday from vicarage and classroom all over southern England is beyond imagination. One thing only can be predicted with confidence: the outcome of the election will not make a scrap of difference to anybody, except the two contestants – and presumably Professor Trevor-Roper.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Rome

No Ordinary Crisis

Bruce Renton writes from Rome: The present political crisis is one more indication of the progressive subordination of the interests of the country to those of the Confindustria, the powerful association of the Italian monopolies. The Confindustria tried to make it appear that the Italian industrialists did not want the fall of the Segni government. This was believed by nobody. It was the Liberal Party (18 seats out of 596 in the Chamber) that precipitated the crisis by withdrawing its support from the government, and the Liberal Party, in spite of its glorious traditions, is today the party of the Italian industrialists. The objective of the Confindustria in creating the crisis is evidently to move the political axis of the country to the right.

It may not, however, work out this way, because it brings up the question once more of the possible use of Nenni's four million Socialist votes. The Christian Democrats are as hotly divided on this issue as they were at their Florence congress, when Signor Fanfani, leader of the left wing, denounced the fnancial pressure groups that were holding up the social progress of the country. Fanfani would like a progressive Catholic government, backed by Nenni. President Gronchi is also believed to favour this solution. The President's visit to Moscow, and his firm stand against the right wing and even Christian Democrat press that attacked him in his absence, has created a tense situation between the left and right wings of the Christian Democrats.

The first reaction of Nenni to the crisis was to call on the CD to break with the Right both in and outside the Catholic party. The Nenni Socialists have put forward the following conditions for supporting a Christian Democrat government: the Christian Democrats should break with the Right, and come to grips with the real problems of the country, the most urgent of which are the formation of certain autonomous regions and the nationalisation of the sources of electrical energy. The Socialists also want an effective policy of full employment and positive steps for the promotion of an international détente. The secretary of the Catholic trades union federation (CISL), Signor Macario, has also said his federation would be opposed to any government that did not give the workers guarantees of a radical social policy.

This is very much more than a routine political crisis. The Italian Right (Confindustria, Liberals, Fascists, Monarchists, and right wing of the CD) aims at transforming it into a crisis of the Italian democratic system, and the Constitution itself is being challenged. According to the Constitution, the Italian government should set up certain autonomous regions inside the country. The Right claims that this would be tantamount to handing Italy over to the Communists.

There may be some surprises from the right. De Gaulle's return to power is cited as an encouraging precedent. The right-wing plot was (unwittingly?) sparked off by a speech by the President of the Senate, the Christian Democrat Senator Merzagora, who pointed out that the machinery of the Constitution was not working. The speech launched a violent press attack on the democratic system. Even the important *Corriere delle Sera* took part in the denunciation of the 'rottenness' of the state.

The only plausible solution to the crisis appears to be a centre-left government composed of Christian Democrats, Republicans, and Saragat's Social Democrats. This government could function only if Nenni's party abstained from voting (in which case the Communists would probably abstain also). This would be a significant step leftwards and the Right will do all in their power to prevent it. They aim at dissolving parliament and holding emergency elections. They calculate that the Christian Democrats would then lose many votes to the extreme Right. They plan to exploit the internal crisis of the CD party and also Krushchev's so-called 'insulting' treatment of President Gronchi.

President Gronchi himself is believed to be opposed to early elections, the result of which might be to jeopardise his own position as President of the Republic in the next presidential elections. The President can at the moment influence the crisis by his choice of the man invited to form a new government. It is expected that on that long-awaited day when the Christian Democrats finally decide to accept Nenni's votes it will be Signor Tambroni, a close collaborator of Fanfani, who will be called on to form the government. The 'Nenni operation' should be easier after the next Socialist congress – which will take place in six months' time – when the Fanfani-Tambroni wing of the Christian Democrats hope that Nenni will make even more explicit declarations of independence from the Communists.

Westminster

Noises Off

Once again the government has made a major switch of defence policy. The decision, formally taken by Mr Harold Macmillan when he was Minister of Defence, violently but ineffectively opposed by Mr Anthony Head during his uneasy tenure of that office, and steadily implemented with his usual ruthlessness by Mr Duncan Sandys, to rely for our defence mainly on nuclear weapons and especially on the massive deterrent, has now been scrapped. The government's main rocket weapon is now tacitly accepted as a white elephant instead of a Blue Streak. The weakening of our conventional arms has diminished the contribution we can make to Nato and may prove to have reduced us nearly to impotence if we happen in the next few years to be faced anywhere with local conflicts. Taxpayers money has been poured down the drain.

All this is well known to the Conservative Party. It has helped to deepen the already wide division between the pro-conventional section, which is by no means confined to brigadiers with a vested interest in the maintenance of their own service, and the pro-nuclear section, who believe in nuclear strategy not only as strategy but as a means of securing tax reductions at an early date. About the only thing these two sections now have in common is a sense of shame that all this expensive coming and going should have produced little beyond muddle and waste.

Clearly, therefore, the government on defence is a sitting duck. Aim steadily, apply gentle pressure on the trigger and ... ping ... the bird would be there for boiling in Mr Gaitskell's pot. As everyone who follows these things now knows, however, matters turned out otherwise.

Mr Harold Watkinson – is he the fifth or the sixth Minister of Defence in the past five years? – stood at the Despatch Box like one of the pleasanter but duller company chairman who are never quite sure what their firm manufactures but are sure it manufactures it very well. He paid the customary glowing tribute to his predecessor, made no reference to the absence of dividend and outlined a future full of good, or since he was talking about defence, of awe-inspiring things.

Mr George Brown, who followed, is one of the ablest members of the Opposition front bench, and his exposure of the vacillations, waste and ineffectiveness of government policy left no hole unprobed. But Brown is also honest as well as able. He has always opposed the Sandys conception, not because he is anti-nuclear weapons but because he believes that Britain must have both nuclear weapons and conventional ones. He has advocated his own line openly and consistently, never hesitating to tell Labour supporters, even immediately before an election, that if he became Minister of Defence he would have to spend millions more on arms than Sandys was doing. Now that Watkinson, unobtrusively but none the less decisively, has come round to his view, Brown was no doubt inhibited by his own honesty. He could attack the past, coupled with the name of Sandys, who sat flushed and silent alongside Watkinson, but he could not attack the new look which Watkinson was proposing for our defences.

Brown, however, had made the best possible speech which his own views permitted. He was not responsible for what followed. I had the misfortune to miss Mr John Strachey's speech and none of the six people I asked were able to tell me what his line was although they had all heard the speech from start to finish. I gathered, however, that he initiated the trouble by an attack on Mr Shinwell who replied in kind and was backed up by Mr Crossman. In no time at all we were in a meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party, with this difference, however, that the Tories, forgetting their own splits and exasperations, were able to sit in as delighted spectators.

All this made for an interesting House of Commons and, in the ordinary way, few would complain that differences, especially on such a vital subject, should be argued openly instead of in some closed committee room upstairs. But of all the occasions to choose for open party dissension, this one was the most odd. The Labour Party was officially moving a motion of censure on the government's handling of defence. Every single member of the Labour Party, whether pacifist or not, agrees with that condemnation and so does about half the Conservative Party. But some 40 Labour members refused to vote for this condemnation of the government because they did not agree with the policy of the opposition.

What was the result? George Brown's expert attack on the government's past record was entirely forgotten. Conservatives entirely forgot their own differences. Watkinson slid neatly under a severe hurdle and emerged on the other side saying blandly 'Well it seems that we are all agreed', and the Labour Party looked what in fact it was, a shambles.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

The One that Got Away

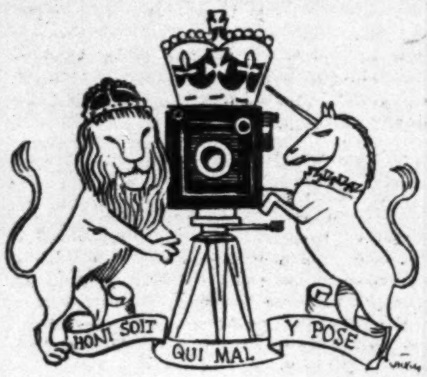
I do not know what the saturation point for gossip about the royal family is but I should judge that we are getting near it. The more successful editors of popular newspapers do not, however, agree. And who should know better than they the strength of their readers' stomachs? But a royal engagement slap on top of a royal birth takes its toll of the strongest. One more article on 'My Friend Tony' and I personally feel I shall give up the unequal struggle. 'Let a natural interest be tempered by a decent respect for the privacy to which any engaged couple is entitled', commanded the *Daily Telegraph* austerely the morning after the announcement. It might as well have saved its breath. Although admirable, such sentiments are not of a kind to strike responsive chords in the hearts of those catering for the millions, especially when faced with what even the *Guardian*, wiping away a manly tear, could not forbear from describing as 'a fairy-story romance of the young man working for his living, like countless other young men, who has won the hand of a princess'.

It is a fairy story which has, moreover, as *The Times* in its John Bull way was quick to point out, the great advantage that 'one very popular virtue of Mr Armstrong-Jones is that with him the Princess will have no temptations to belong to other nations but remains an English lady'. (Top People are born British.) Any hearts not amenable to immediate spontaneous combustion on receipt of the news, and they must have been few, had no excuse for not being set ablaze by the fuel the popular papers hurried to provide. Every single page in the *Daily Express*, except the sports pages, was on the job carrying the glad tidings to ever greater heights, or depths, of sentiment. Its rivals did not lag far behind. (One cannot help but feel sorry for the sports editors – a notoriously loyal body of men: Mr Armstrong-Jones never seems to have taken a photograph of a horse.) So overcome was the *Mirror* by the discovery that the young man had once written to its art editor in his own handwriting more than two years ago, thanking him for the display given to one of his pictures, that it not only reproduced the letter on Saturday but on Monday as well.

In the main, however, what distinguishes this story from all other royal stories is that the newspapers have not had to invent anything – well hardly anything. It is all there – everything the most hungry news editor could ask for. Even those articles about 'My Friend Tony' were all true. This is one royal bridegroom-to-be whom Fleet Street really can say it knows. It was a poor paper that could not claim at least one or two members of its staff who had not been down the spiral stairs to his dining room. Passports to Pimlico were two a penny and few sub-editors could resist the temptation to show their originality by putting up that headline somewhere.

Still this was the story that got away, the one piece of news that every gossip writer has been after for years, and that none of them recognised when it was under their noses, as they busily compiled their knowing little lists of the men Princess Margaret might marry. Those in the news rooms whose expense accounts have to pass much more careful scrutiny can be forgiven their own ironic smile: even William Hickey could not claim to have forecast this. However, the eager searchers after what the suburbs want to know who operate under that generic title for the *Express*, are nothing if not resilient. They do not easily forget the Beaverbrook touch. 'She Will Have Three "Mothers-in-Law". The Newest (Until She Married A Few Days Ago) was an Air Stewardess', was their contribution to the romance.

Meanwhile, amidst the general gaiety, it is interesting to find the popular press – which may usually be guaranteed to reflect the opinions of its readers in such matters – now striking a more serious note which the royal advisers would be well to study. This engagement has obviously still further enhanced royal popularity, already extremely high with the arrival of the new baby. But there are signs that if the course apparently decided upon – of turning Princess Margaret's future husband into a royal replica with the least possible delay – is persisted in it may have a boomerang effect. 'Why Not Mrs Jones', shouts the *Daily Mirror*, adding a 'TWO-WORD MEMO to the advisers who are so busy behind the Palace walls: IT'S 1960'; and a wide range of columnists, from Mr Godfrey Winn down, or up, have now begun to protest not only against the suggestion that he must be given a title, but against the idea that (as appears to have been insisted on before the Queen's approval to the engagement was given) he should be compelled to abandon his career as an extremely talented and successful photographer.



The immense popular appeal of this engagement (apart from a good deal of public affection for Princess Margaret and anxiety to see her happy after the earlier broken romance with Group Captain Townsend) has been that it is not only to a commoner, but to one who has actually shown that he can do something other than dance attendance at social occasions—'working lad', as both the *Mirror* and the *Herald* have, with a little journalistic licence, proclaimed him. The royal advisers would be well advised not to insist on smashing the image too much.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Muddle of Clause Four

As 16 March draws nearer, the public's bewilderment about what is at stake in the argument over Clause Four grows deeper. Every week-end more Labour speeches add to the confusion. One minute we have Mr Desmond Donnelly denouncing the defenders of Clause Four as 'Corporal Blimps . . . who want to nationalise everything down to the village shop', when he must know perfectly well that no one in the party – not even *Tribune* – has ever advanced any such argument. The next minute Mr Francis Noel-Baker claims that the issue is 'whether or not to erase nationalisation from the party policy', forgetting that even Mr Douglas Jay has been shifted from this position by the almost unanimous outcry of the Parliamentary Labour Party.

It is this very confusion which Mr Gaitskell is now using to justify his insistence on amending Clause Four. But in doing so he ignores the fact that the confusion did not exist until he created it. Certainly the demand to change the party's policy – or its leadership – after the election did not come from the Left. The demand for an agonising reappraisal of Labour's fundamental tenets came from one of Mr Gaitskell's closest associates, Mr Douglas Jay. And though Mr Gaitskell – and Mr Jay – now choose to forget the searing words of that notorious article, the party workers cannot. They remember that at that time, in the panic of defeat, Mr Jay wanted the party 'to kill the nationalisation myth decisively' and to declare that it would 'in future propose no further nationalisation.' And this, not in order to fight for the public ownership and control of the economy in more effective ways, but in order to turn the party into a 'radical, reforming' one. It was in that context that the rank and file inevitably judged Mr Gaitskell's Blackpool speech, and all the more so because at no time did he specifically repudiate either the article or the man who had caused all the furore. Instead he called for the re-writing of the very clause which alone stood between Mr Jay and the transformation of the party's policy.

The harm done was all the greater because there is no evidence from any source that Clause Four played any significant part in the election campaign. The Conservative Central Office has been taken aback by the importance which some Labour leaders now attach to it – they feel they must have slipped up in not realising that they held such a powerful card. The truth is that few party members had even read Clause Four, so it was unlikely that the man in the street was conscious of it. What he was conscious of was Labour's intention to re-nationalise steel and to acquire shares for the state in 600 companies – two items of policy which apparently Mr Gaitskell does not want to jettison. All he has done, therefore, in drawing attention to Clause Four, is to alarm the public and to divide the party by turning against it a weapon that even the Tories did not know was available in their armoury.

The damage has been done, and the question now is how to remedy it. Mr Gaitskell faces a dilemma he has created for himself. If he now retreats from his insistence on amending Clause Four, he leaves in the public mind his own sinister interpretation of it and gives to the enemies of Labour a happy hunting-ground of misrepresentation. If, on the other hand, he retreats from the essence of Clause Four, he will split the party. It is astonishing that a man of his ability should ever have placed himself and the party in such a position. One thing is clear: having stirred up all this controversy by a demand for greater clarity in the party's aims, he cannot get out of his difficulties now by taking refuge in verbal evasions. Whatever else now comes out of the National

Executive, at least it must not be obscurity.

Can a solution be found? Mr Gaitskell himself has removed one of the stumbling blocks by his Nottingham speech, in which he at last felt obliged to state categorically that he wants not to retreat from the policies of the last election but actually to go forward to more nationalisation and public ownership. Alarmed in his turn by the disquiet in the party which he himself had aroused, he has even talked with approving emphasis about our 'Socialist faith'. From this it is clear that the argument on 16 March will now take place on a narrower front than at one time seemed possible. Indeed, there is no reason why Mr Gaitskell, having at Nottingham sold out Messrs Jay and Crosland, should not now produce a form of words which would reassure his colleagues. In fact he is known at this moment to be showing his friends a draft which rewrites all seven sub-sections of Clause Four in vivid – if slightly over-rhetorical – terms. Having insisted that the party must give greater prominence to all the many facets of 'brotherhood' – the struggle for world peace, the war against poverty, the need for social justice, the hatred of racial discrimination, the importance of democracy – Mr Gaitskell has put his richest prose style to work. And although it is true that the various subsections of the existing Clause Four already cover these points, it would be churlish to pretend that they could not be better put.

But when all this has been done the only purpose of the whole operation is to reconstruct Subsection Four of the clause – the ark in which is enshrined the party's philosophy of public ownership. And here Mr Gaitskell will surely be allowed only one change if he is not to tear the party apart. He may be allowed to lay the bogey which he himself raised at Blackpool when he asked the party if it really wanted to nationalise everything. And he may, if it makes him happy, be allowed to spell out with greater precision that part of Clause Four which makes it clear that public ownership and control can take various forms – its reference to the 'best obtainable system of popular administration and control'.

But in laying this bogey he must be careful not to conjure up another one, the belief that he is letting the Crosland thesis in by the back door. It really solves nothing to say that Labour believes in a mixed economy. So do the Tories. So does the United States. Every modern industrial economy today has its public sector, and support of such a sector does not make a party distinctively Socialist. What does is the belief that the only way to attain the reforms for which Mr Gaitskell asks is through an economy in which public ownership plays a sufficiently dominant role to transform society's capitalist values into Socialist ones. And the need to make this clear is imperative because the false distinction which Mr Gaitskell has drawn between ends and means has left his party uncertain whether his notion of a Socialist society is one in which the public sector would in fact be dominant.

What the rank and file are awaiting, therefore, is a clear statement that the party remains committed to capturing what Mr Bevan has called the 'commanding heights of the economy'. That is the formula on which Mr Gaitskell could surely reunite the National Executive. Since at Blackpool he himself quoted and accepted Mr Bevan's phrase, there seems no good reason why he should not invoke it in his current difficulty.

Paying for the Railways

The publication of the Guillebaud Report this week-end will bring to a head the whole problem of British Transport Commission finances. The government cannot long postpone their announcement of a radical solution involving the reconstruction of the entire capital structure of the Commission.

Realisation of the need for capital reconstruction has been gaining wider and wider acceptance in recent weeks, especially after the interim wage settlement announced on 12 February. But the Commission themselves had made clear as long ago as last June, in their *Re-appraisal of the Plan for the Modernisation and Re-equipment of British Railways,* (Cmnd.813), that such a reconstruction was urgently necessary:

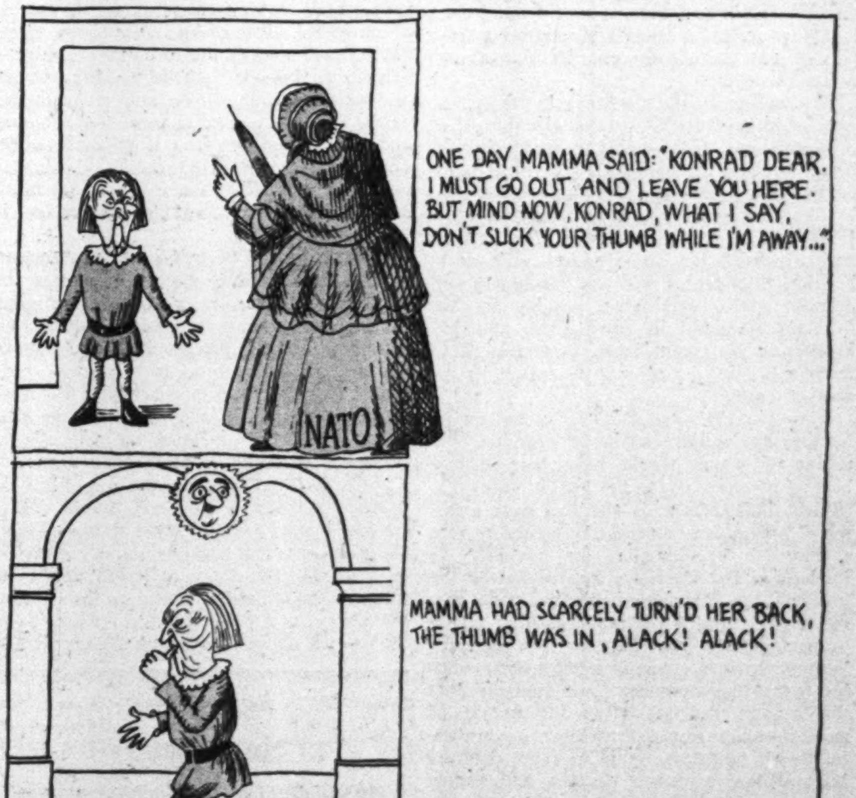
> The Central Charges of the Commission are large in relation to the working surpluses which would be regarded as acceptable by the various agencies of public control, yet these Central Charges are both fixed and inflexible, consisting as they do mainly of interest on borrowings: in good years and in bad years this interest must be paid in full: there is no equity capital. Fluctuations are inescapable in a business with a high proportion of fixed costs, especially when adjustments of charges take as long as they do. The Commission, as a newly constituted undertaking, started without any reserves available to take the shock of fluctuations in their financial fortunes and they have not since been allowed to build up any such reserves. If the Commission are to be put in a position to pursue consistent policies on a long-term basis, it seems essential that in due course their financial structure should receive consideration afresh.

The Commission are right to trace their problem right back to the 1947 Act, and any attempt to work out a fresh approach must begin with the financial structure imposed on BTC from its inception.

When the nationalisation of the transport system was announced in November, 1946, it was provided that compensation for each of the 70 types of stock would be based on the average Stock Exchange valuation for the period immediately preceding the announcement, or on the pre-1945 election figures, if higher. A Socialist government was allowing capitalism, as expressing itself through the Stock Exchange, to put its own valuation on the assets to be taken over. Thus valued, compensation would be paid to the owners of the stocks and shares of the private railway companies in Treasury-guaranteed Transport Stock, bearing a rate of interest comparable at the time of issue to the ruling rate on gilt-edged securities. The Stock Exchange valuation added up to a total of £1,269m for the new Commission's railway assets and £346m for their non-railway assets. £1,715m in all. The annual interest burden amounted to £42m.

Four points should perhaps be made about the method adopted. First, by taking the Stock Exchange valuation of November 1946 (or the pre-election figures, if higher) the values were bound to reflect a degree of optimism which would not have been found at the time, say, of the Road-Rail Square Deal controversy of 1938-39, or which could reasonably have been expected in normal peace-time conditions. The railways had done well in the war, because of military traffic and petrol rationing, and the 1945-46 Stock Exchange prices reflected this prosperity.

Secondly, by substituting a guaranteed


NATO
ONE DAY, MAMMA SAID: 'KONRAD DEAR.
I MUST GO OUT AND LEAVE YOU HERE.
BUT MIND NOW, KONRAD, WHAT I SAY,
DON'T SUCK YOUR THUMB WHILE I'M AWAY...'
MAMMA HAD SCARCELY TURN'D HER BACK,
THE THUMB WAS IN, ALACK! ALACK!
–FROM 'STRUWWELPETER'
VICKY

fixed-interest stock for the various types of railway company capital, BTC was being saddled with a permanent and inescapable obligation which had not been borne by the private companies. The new fixed charge included an allowance for such stocks as LNER deferred ordinaries, which had never paid a dividend; and LNER preferred ordinaries, which had paid no dividends since 1931; LMS ordinaries and Southern deferred ordinaries, both of which had passed their dividends a number of times in the Thirties (including 1938), and neither of which, even in the best year, had paid more than two per cent.

Thirdly, the passage of time between the valuation and the issue of Transport Stock increased the burden. The ruling gilt-edged rate in November 1946 was about 2½ per cent, and market values reflected this rate: by January 1948, when the Transport Stock was issued, the rate had risen to three per cent, and gilt-edged values in general reflected this move, too. Yet BTC's fixed-charge was set at a three per cent coupon on values which had been inflated by being related to 2½ per cent rates in the market. This, of itself, could be said to have accounted for £7m-£8m in the fixed charge.

Fourthly, the 1947 Act laid down that there should be proper provision for capital redemption. Enough had to be set aside each year to ensure full redemption of the stock by the year 2037. This might have seemed appropriate in 1947: it is quite inappropriate today, when the £37m which BTC have set aside for capital redemption is earning about 4½ per cent, against a rate of around six per cent on the Commission's new borrowing.

With all the deficiencies of the 1947 Act, BTC, despite a formidable increase in road competition, was still able to pay its way. Even in 1952, it achieved a surplus of over £4m after meeting its capital charges and providing for capital redemption. It went into deficit in 1954, and for the next three years, though providing a reasonable operating surplus, it was not earning enough to meet its capital charges.

The reasons for the worsening in the Fifties were obvious enough – denationalisation of a substantial part of the highly profitable British Road Services, the continued growth of road competition (which was given a great impetus by the ending of petrol rationing in May 1950), and a steady increase in the cost of such essentials as coal, timber and steel. Political interference with the machinery for adjusting rates and fares, notably by Sir Winston Churchill in April 1952, and Mr Watkinson six years later, prevented BTC from increasing its revenue to match its increased costs.

It was in 1955 that BTC embarked on its imaginative modernisation programme, the extent of which would have been utterly beyond the scope of the pre-1947 private companies: indeed its scale and cost were themselves a damning commentary on the private companies' unwillingness or inability to modernise. By successive approaches to the problem, the government provided, first, that the capital needed for modernisation would be supplied by the Treasury, on deferred interest terms, the unpaid interest accumulating for further repayment; and secondly, that the current deficits during the period of modernisation would themselves be bridged by deficit advances, again carrying deferred but cumulative interest charges, and requiring repayment in full in the mid-Sixties.

In their re-appraisal last summer, BTC summarised the financial prospects as they saw them. Modernisation (electrification, diesels, more economic capital equipment of all kinds, more efficient track and signalling methods etc) could be expected to create a working surplus by 1963-64 of between £50m and £100m. But this would not be sufficient to meet the growing burden of capital charges. To simplify some very complicated financial calculations, the position in 1963 and subsequent years can be summarised in these terms. The 1947 central charges of £42m (£33m on railway account, £9m on other BTC activities) which by 1957 had risen to £60m (£41m for British Railways) are expected to rise a further £24m to £84m (of which £61m will be on railway account and £23m on other activities). Deferred interest on modernisation capital will by the end of 1963 amount to about £35m, and will be due for repayment over four years, say £9m per annum. In addition, interest on the sums advanced to pay the deficits will amount to a further £5m in 1963, and the full rate of deficit interest, estimated by BTC at about £25m per annum, will be payable starting from 1965.

Nor is this all. These deficit advances, at present accumulating in the so-called 'suspense account', fall for repayment, *tranche* by *tranche*, the first payment being due seven years after the first advance: this means that repayments will begin in 1963, and the Commission estimate that the total amount, which will require both interest payments and repayment from 1963, will be of the order of £750m. It should be added that these calculations take no account of the five per cent interim wages settlement or of any further changes following the Guillebaud Report. These wage increases will clearly affect the estimate of the post-1963 working surplus: they will also, by increasing the current deficit, increase both the interest due on, and the repayment of, the deficit advances after 1963.

One thing, then, is clear beyond all doubt. Whatever the achievements of modernisation, BTC cannot hope in the foreseeable future – certainly in 1963-65 – to be earning enough on revenue account to be able to meet the rapidly growing central charges. To continue with the present pretence is to destroy the morale and sense of responsibility of management and staff alike. There is nothing more frustrating than the knowledge that success is impossible.

As the unreality of BTC's capital structure becomes more widely realised a number of possible solutions are being put forward. Some suggest a strategic subsidy. Railways on something like the present scale and pattern are essential in wartime, it is argued: they cannot pay their way in peacetime; therefore a subsidy should be paid similar to the War Office vote for maintaining the Royal Ordnance Factories in being. This argument is perfectly respectable, but the amount of the strategic subsidy is not measurable. There are few, if any, predominantly strategic lines: the problem is that of maintaining the system as a whole. The same objection applies to many of the arguments based on the doctrine of railways as a public service. At the end of the day we are still faced with the problem of fixing the amount, and there are many obvious dangers in deciding on an open-ended subsidy.

NEXT WEEK

Nu's Victory

An appraisal of the Burmese political scene after the recent elections

by KINGSLEY MARTIN

What is needed is a fundamental reconstruction of BTC's capital structure so that it is possible for the Commission to pay its way on an operating basis. Here we begin from the fact that BTC, unlike its privately-owned predecessors, has no equity element in its finances. As the Commission pointed out in the statement I have quoted, it has to meet its interest payments as a prior charge on its revenues, irrespective of its net earnings. Had Labour not nationalised the railways nothing is more certain, with the increase in road competition, than that every company now would be passing its dividend and that the majority would be defaulting on other stocks.

This leads to the suggestions which, in the context of colonial development, the Sinclair Committee proposed for the Colonial Development Corporation (NEW STATESMAN, 6 June 1959). Because of the inherent risk in many colonial projects, the Committee proposed that a proportion of the money lent by the government to CDC should be on an equity basis, and no interest paid on it if the Corporation's revenue was insufficient. Retrospectively this might now be proposed for BTC, though the figures I have given show that probably all the compensation stock, and a substantial part of the modernisation and deficit advance capital, would have to be written off.

Though there is a very strong moral case for putting the government's financing of BTC on an equity basis, this method, too, is open to all the disadvantages of an open-ended subsidy.

While accepting, then, the full validity of the equity argument and indeed quoting it in aid, I would suggest that the best solution would be for the government to assume the whole of the capital responsibilities of the Commission and to charge an operating rent for the use of the assets. This rent would be based on an assessment of the Commission's ability to pay, taking into account the results of the modernisation programme, and of the changes needed in the Commission's rate-fixing powers. Then rent – which would begin to operate as soon as the main modernisation programme is completed, say at the end of 1963 – should be fixed, preferably, for three years ahead, at a level within BTC's earning-power given enterprising and efficient management. It would be revised every three years in the light of changes in such external factors as costs of supplies, the level of industrial activity and the current degree of road competition.

If BTC's figures are correct they should by 1963, provided that the accumulated capital charges are lifted, be able to pay a reasonable rent, though clearly on a level much lower than would be appropriate to their present capital structure. In order to ensure that there is not too much clash between their struggle to meet the rent payment and the conception of railways as a public service, provision might be made also for a special 'social' subsidy, e.g., for the maintenance of a local line which on economic grounds should be closed, and possibly, in the long run, for suburban transport. The proposed new Northern Line underground from Victoria in London, which it is estimated, even before work begins on it, will lose £2m a year, is evidence of the special financial problem of metropolitan passenger transport.

Two other steps need to be taken. If the state assumes full responsibility for BTC capital, clearly the redemption provisions of the 1947 Act would disappear. Secondly, the Commission should be given full freedom to develop their under-used sites in London and other cities and towns. A very small start has been made by a proposal to turn a closed stretch of line in East Anglia into a road, but the yield to the railways will be measured only in terms of thousands of pounds. Yet in every city and town in the United Kingdom there are acres of valuable railway-owned property, mostly centrally situated, and surrounded by land which is changing hands at fantastic prices for building purposes. There are, of course, the stations themselves, almost exclusively single-storey, but capable of bearing a superstructure of offices and shops which would let at substantial annual rentals or sell for millions, as is done, for example, in the centrally situated stations in New York and elsewhere in the United States. Liverpool Street, for example, is in the heart of the City of London: now it is being electrified, there would be no problem involved in putting the trains underground, and building a six or ten floor building over the station. The same might apply with other stations in the City (Cannon Street, Fenchurch Street, etc) and with such stations as Manchester and Liverpool Central, Liverpool Lime Street, Leeds City and Central, to name only a few. But BTC has no power to develop, and the government has refused to introduce amending legislation to give the necessary powers: the Commission are told that they must sell off to private-enterprise developers, and, of course, the price they could get for such a sale not only excludes the greater part of the profit to be gained from development, but reflects the unequal character of what is virtually a forced sale.

With the reconstruction of BTC finances, the railways, instead of maintaining a hopeless struggle on the basis of exploiting their employees, can once again become, on revenue account, an economic proposition, capable of paying wage-rates comparable with those in other occupations and industries. But, pending the return of the next Labour government and the re-creation of an integrated transport system, viability for the railways will still depend on measures to strengthen their earning-power, particularly the abolition of all the restrictions on their rate-fixing powers which were appropriate to the age of transport monopoly.

In the debate and controversies which will follow the government's announcement of its policy for BTC finances, we must expect to hear from at any rate some of our opponents the demand for the railways to be run 'on sound business lines'. Prosperous manufacturers, perhaps sheltered by a stiff tariff against overseas competition, cannot easily envisage the problems of an industry facing formidable competition while hampered by out-of-date anti-monopoly restrictions. Nor can they understand why the railways, with a network whose costs exceed potential revenues, cannot cut their operations, as a boot manufacturer might close one or two of his factories if demand fell short of potential output. The manufacturer can cut production without affecting the profitability of the factories which continue in operation. Apart from a small number of unprofitable lines, the railways cannot retrench without injuring the system as a whole. Moreover, the railway overheads are so costly that, on national grounds, it pays to work them to capacity: BTC cannot cut Clapham Junction down to size – it must be there, and paid for, however the traffic fluctuates.

This is where the real contrast emerges between the Tory and the Socialist. Concerned only with private profit and marginal private cost, the Tory considers it good business to add to the congestion on the roads and streets while expensive national railway assets are under-used. It is only when the concept of social cost is brought into the picture that a national approach to the problem becomes possible.

HAROLD WILSON

London Diary

WHEN I was young, a photographer was a relatively humble individual who hid under a black velvet cloth to take his photographs. The rise of his profession to distinction and eminence has been startling indeed. Queen Victoria was much photographed, but I doubt if anyone heard or cared who did the job, except, of course, when Prince Albert himself tried his hand – itself a portent. The profession's greatly enhanced status is entirely just. Has not the camera ministered, more than any other single instrument, to our present affluence, as well as to the fame in a Welfare State of our aristocracy and monarchy? Where would advertising be without it? Where popular monarchy? It is rightly an object of worship. Set up cameras anywhere, and a larger crowd will automatically collect than could be assembled by any orator or other public entertainer. It has always astonished me that a camera has not, by mistake, been elected to Parliament or married off to a deb. In the former capacity it would have been entirely adequate, in the latter there might have been deficiencies. Thus, the projected union between Princess Margaret and a young, accomplished photographer (known now in the *maquis* as the Emperor Jones) is highly suitable. Mr Cecil Beaton and Baron approached the threshold, Mr Armstrong-Jones has crossed it. I should like to think that his influence would now be exerted towards getting included in the royal *entourage* a Photographer Royal, as well as a Gold-Microphone-in-Waiting, whose first incumbent should obviously be Mr Dimbleby.

* * *

I am not a tremendous one for public-opinion polls, but some results about the late general election published in the monthly Gallup Political Index for February seemed to me decidedly interesting. According to these results, there is no evidence that, as is commonly supposed, women voters deserted the Labour Party in large numbers. On the contrary, if anything, their support for Labour slightly increased. The Labour Party still does a little better than the Tories with the 21-29 age-group. The Tories get 33 per cent and the Labour Party 35 per cent. On the other hand, the Tory share of this age-group has been climbing steadily up, and that of the Labour Party steadily diminishing. The really astonishing figure is for abstentions – 24 per cent. Mr W. Gregory, who is responsible for bringing out the Political Index, assures me that this very high figure is, partly at any rate, due to the difficulty of getting young voters on to the register. The Labour Party increased its support among the very old and poor from 38 per cent to 51 per cent. In other words, without the pensions issue, the 1959 general election might have been a debacle comparable with 1931. This is scant comfort for Mr Gaitskell. The Conservatives lost votes among the well-to-do. Of these lost votes, some went to the Liberals, most were abstentions. None went to the Labour Party.

APOLOGY

The Publisher apologises to readers who received their copies of last week's issue late. This was due to a mechanical fault at the printers.

* * *

The nicest and most attractive American woman I have ever known is Mary McCarthy. We were recently recalling our first meeting. I had been vaguely asked to do a piece for the *Reader's Digest*, and had received a message that on a particular day and at a particular time I should be hearing from Mr Dewitt Wallace, its founder and editor-in-chief. That same day I was giving lunch to Mary McCarthy. I picked her up at the Chelsea hotel where she was staying, and, as my expenses were being paid by someone or other, I took her to an expensive restaurant. On the way there, my conscience was being vaguely troubled by the idea of writing for so odious a publication as the *Digest*. Mary, who has in her the makings of a stern moralist, possibly of a really tough Mother Superior, assured me that the matter would resolve itself. I need not worry. We had our lunch, and over the coffee I asked her if she would mind coming back and continuing our talk in my hotel room on account of the message I had agreed to receive from the *Reader's Digest*. After all, they pay a really terrifyingly large amount of money for an article. Back we accordingly went. Mary stretched out on my bed, transformed by day into a sofa, and we went on prattling away. There was a knock at the door. I opened it to admit a strange, shambling, uncertain figure, who, to my utter amazement, turned out to be Mr Dewitt Wallace in person. Nervously, I introduced him to Mary (of whom, at that time, to my surprise and disgust, he had never heard) conscious that the scene presented, though infinitely decorous, might conceivably strike him as somewhat raffish. He sat down, and, clearing his throat, began to talk in a vague and hesitant way about the project for my contribution to the *Readers' Digest*. It was obvious that the project did not commend itself to him. I forget now just what it was, but I know it was about world affairs, and did not have a happy ending. Anyway, I eagerly agreed that the doubts he raised were entirely justified, and insisted that I myself had come to feel that the whole concept was mistaken. He got up to go, and went. 'You see,' Mary said, 'as I told you, the matter has resolved itself.' It certainly had. We laughed and laughed, for something like a quarter of an hour. I have long thought that the days when one makes a really enchanting acquaintance should be marked in one's diary in gothic gold lettering, like a saint's day. If such a practice were adopted, this particular day would be so marked in my diary.

* * *

An episode of some significance in Sir Anthony Eden's sepulchral memoirs which has been little noticed concerns his relations with the BBC during the Suez crisis. Mr Menzies, the Australian Prime Minister, was in London, and Sir Anthony had the idea that it might be a good idea if Menzies went on BBC television and gave his views on Nasser, the Canal and the British government's position. These views, it need scarcely be said, were highly sympathetic to Sir Anthony. To Sir Anthony's utter astonishment, when he happened to run into Menzies some days later, he learnt that no invitation to appear had come to the Australian Prime Minister from Broadcasting House. He indignantly made inquiries, and was informed that the BBC was concerned about the fact that the government's case had been several times stated, by Sir Anthony himself and others, but that the opposition position had had much less expression. If Mr Menzies went on, it was contended, then Mr Emrys Hughes should also be given an opportunity to expound his views. Sir Anthony indicates that he soon put a stop to such nonsensical hair-splitting. Mr Menzies duly made his television appearance, and nothing more was heard of the project for inviting Mr Hughes to have his say. I shall treasure this episode for use when BBC apologists contend that the Corporation is not subjected to governmental pressures. In the feeble effort which was made to counterbalance Mr Menzies, the choice of Mr Emrys Hughes is interesting. Without intending any disrespect, or, indeed, lack of affection for Mr Hughes, I observe that there were weightier voices available to put the Opposition case.

* * *

Blurbs have always been a hobby of mine. The dust-jacket from Gollancz for a new mystery story, *Annalisa*, by Forbes Rydell is a collector's piece. 'Superior,' the blurb runs, 'is what we *hope* (italics the publisher's) Maurice Richardson – to take his great name in vain – will call it.' Richardson, I understand, had never heard of the blurb or, indeed, of the book before it was sent out to the critics. It opens up the most wonderful possibilities in the way of advertising. 'This bed is one which we know Miss Vivien Leigh will love to sleep in.' 'Mr Harold Macmillan will never, we feel sure, be without a bottle of Australian burgundy.' 'There is every reason to suppose that Lord Salisbury prefers Woodbines to all other cigarettes.' Incidentally, having mentioned Maurice Richardson, I cannot forbear praising his television column. The subject is unutterably sad, and for the most part unrewarding; and yet, week by week, he manages to be sprightly, amusing and informative about it in the *Observer*. It is a terrific journalistic feat. If these observations should be used at any time to recommend Richardson's column, there is no need to express the hope that I find his television column the best in existence. I do.

* * *

The projected institution of a missile warning station on a Yorkshire moor has given rise to the old exercise of wondering what one would do if the world were shortly coming to an end. Ernest Renan explores this question, somewhat ponderously, and at great length. Hugh Kingsmill, in his enchanting *Life of Frank Harris*, describes how he and Harris, following Renan, discussed what they would do in like circumstances. Kingsmill, who was young at the time, had various romantic projects about reading his favourite passages in Shakespeare, and other similar elevated projects. He then adds: 'Harris told me what he would do.' This is an example of a caption without a joke, just as you can have a joke without a caption.

* * *

A story which is, I have heard, very popular in Germany just now is about a fancy dress ball given during the current *Fasching*, or festival season. Two guests presented themselves in SS uniforms. They were turned away. Fancy dress, they were told, was obligatory.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Upper Norwood Methodist Church Darby and Joan Club sang and danced to the old tunes played on a tape recorder at their meeting on Tuesday. Then they added their signatures to a petition urging that corporal punishment be brought back.—*Streatham News*. (N. Silverman.)

Residents in Wednesbury, who petitioned the council to refuse a housing loan to a coloured man who wished to buy a house in their district, have been very much disparaged for expressing their opinion, Wednesbury Ratepayers' Association was told.

Mr J. Sale said that their aim was to safeguard the value of their property but for some reason their representation had been interpreted as an attempt to impose a colour bar.—*Birmingham Mail*. (John F. Wood.)

These days we hear so much of what we should do to keep the young generation off the street corners, but when there is an event arranged and advertised for them, it is poorly patronised.

Such an occasion happened this week at Harbury, when a beetle drive was organised by the Village Hall Trust.—Letter in *Leamington Spa Courier*. (T. L. Pittom.)

Mr L. G. Pine, editor of Burke's Peerage, said: 'On the face of it she would be HRH Princess Margaret, Mrs Armstrong-Jones, and that could hardly be.

'I don't think it would sound right for the nation.'—*News Chronicle*. (Stephen Swingler.)

No Nigs at the Black Horse

IT has been quite a week in the life of Mr William Webster, licensee of the Black Horse in St Pancras, and a polarising force in encouraging racial prejudice in that fascinating borough. On Sunday he marched shoulder to shoulder with his idol, Sir Oswald Mosley, through the running fight in Westminster, looking as proud as punch. On Wednesday morning in the Brewster Sessions at St Pancras Town Hall he defeated an attempt to take his publican's licence away from him on the grounds that he was operating a colour-bar at the Black Horse. 'I don't care if I do lose it,' he told me. 'I shall then devote myself entirely to a political career in support of the greatest man in British politics'.

He was careful to deny that he was actually operating a colour-bar, although it was true he would not serve coloured people. 'We never have any trouble here,' said one of his barmen. 'Mr Webster just tells them they are not wanted and they go.' As an afterthought, he added: 'Some of the houses around here have got niggers in them like rats'.

The Webster party-line, which attracted only 4.1 per cent of votes polled in St Pancras North when he stood at the last general election, is a familiar one. He believes in keeping Britain white; that inter-breeding between races is both a perversion and a sign of decadence in a nation; that Hitler was one of the greatest men ever born, and the Nazis the 20th century's most brilliant collection of people; that to ask him if he believed that a Jewish conspiracy existed controlling this country was like asking him how high was high; that *apartheid* is only good if it is total *apartheid*. His opinions are not important except that in a borough like St Pancras, where the immigration of West Indian and West African people has increased lately, and which has many Cypriots and tens of thousands of Irish people, his presence and his propaganda disturbs dark corners in minds that otherwise would give themselves over to less ugly notions.

Wandering around this borough, which reaches four miles from just behind Oxford Street through Camden Town and Kentish Town up to Highgate, and has Regent's Park salubriously on the left, I heard a few people talk about the area becoming a 'new Notting Hill'. But Webster is hopelessly, if wishfully exaggerating when he says: 'We are sitting on a gunpowder keg here and one day it will go up. And they won't get away with it as they did in Notting Hill where they put nine British boys in prison. You couldn't put nine Kentish Town Boys in prison, because you would have to put the whole of Kentish Town in.'

Equally, though, it would be wishful thinking to share the euphoric attitudes of some public figures in the borough, who maintain that all is sweetness and light. Late on Saturday nights there is an air of violence about in the broad streets and the long shadows of the decaying houses of Kentish Town. A Cypriot girl in Pratt Street, a few yards from the Greek Orthodox Church, told me that often crowds of hooligans gather at Cypriot houses, jeering, hoping, often successfully, to provoke a fight. One night a gang threw a chewing-gum slot machine through her shop window. In the numerous clubs, which, I gathered, the police like because they 'know where people are', and which tend to be racial, fights easily occur. 'We go to clubs rather than pubs', said a young white man, 'because it's more sophisticated, because it's easier to pick up women and because if you're looking for a fight, you can find one.' No, he never picked a fight with a coloured man just because he was coloured. But if a coloured was looking for a fight, he was only too happy to oblige. What did they fight with? Milk bottles, usually.

Customarily the clubs have one room with a bar at one end, a juke box, and the simplest chairs and tables. Many have the reputation of being gambling dens, with how much truth it's difficult to say. One popular myth is that coloured people and Cypriots have so much money, can flash it about in gaudy cars because they are cleaning it up in the clubs. Another piece of St Pancras mythology, nicely demonstrating that prejudice need know no frontiers, is that the Irish, of whom, one Labour councillor told me, there are some 50,000 in the borough, are the most disliked group. This is because they have more children than anyone else and so overcrowd the houses; or else are single and rootless, living perhaps in the huge Rowton House, and are given to fighting. And, what's more, motiveless fighting.

All this is the small change of pub conversation. It was suggested to me by a shopkeeper in Royal College Street, a man who remembers the time when nearly all the families in this long, gritty road were cockney and who says that there are now only five cockney people there, that it is only in the pubs you hear expressions of prejudice. These men are the envious ones; spending their own money on drink, they grow bitter when they see Cypriots or West Indians quietly saving money by not drinking, and being able to afford to buy houses. There is, I think, a great deal of truth in this. In pubs I heard

Avis Unileverensis

(MANAGERIALIS)

PLUMAGE: HIGHLY VARIEGATED
HABITS: TOO VARIOUS TO LIST
HABITAT: THE WORLD
DISTINCTIVE CHARACTERISTIC: A HIGH FLYER

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[illegible]

people complain about the gaiety of West Indians, their chatter; dark hints that they tried to pick up other people's wives. There was even sympathy for the Black Horse's dispensation, although I could find no one willing to support another Webster argument: 'I at least am honest', he had told me. 'I'm not like some publicans who allow coloured people in and then charge them double for drinks, or keep them waiting until they get embarrassed and everyone in the bar laughs at them.'

But prejudice was not entirely an affair of topers in the asphalt jungle. It exhibited itself in broad daylight over the question of housing. St Pancras is certainly not another Notting Hill when it comes to housing: there is no crying scandal of exorbitant rents for slum-conditions, and little evidence of missing rent-books. For years now the council has pursued an enlightened policy in not only building new houses and flats, but in buying-up large numbers of once-elegant 19th-century houses in Camden Town and Kentish Town and in renovating them most pleasantly. It now owns 19 per cent of all the houses in the borough.

Even so, there are still 6,287 applications on the waiting list. Nor is the policy as enlightened as it was. The current row over rents, which has led to protest marches in the best St Pancras activist tradition, and beer being sloshed over a councillor, does not touch on the racial question. One other change of policy, however, is undoubtedly interpreted as having racial overtones, and this is the changed method of acquiring 'points' on the waiting list. In a document titled 'Revised Points Scheme' and dated September 1959 the council introduced a new qualification:

> Full 'weight' for time registered on the list, thus allowing fair priority to St Pancras families of long standing.

This was read as striking a blow for the benefit of the British and, however much its sponsors might throw up their arms in horror at the suggestion, has given pleasure to people who like to talk about foreigners 'coming over here and snatching our houses.' In fact, it does not particularly work against coloured people or other immigrants. Because the council buys so many houses already occupied by families and then, in its unlovely phrase, 'decants' them, eventually restoring them to the renovated flats, coloured occupants of these places find themselves nicely established. The policy has the effect of stirring up a little racial feeling without practising real discrimination.

In a house in Baynes Street, scene in 1954 of a pitched battle between whites and coloured, an Irishman who had lived in St Pancras over 30 years was bitter at not having a council house when, it seemed to him, many less qualified people had won them. He paid 30 shillings a week for three rooms in a house with no bathroom. They were seven in the family. Across the street was a ruined, bombed site and the Grand Union canal. Overhead ran the main line from St Pancras, the trains thundering along. Smoke drifted across from the power station stacks 200 yards away. Two coloured people lived upstairs: 'They keep themselves to themselves and we keep ourselves to ourselves and we get along fine'.

Next door but one lived a family in even more pathetic circumstances, London-born, but feeling no hostility at all to immigrants of any kind. In one basement room lived a man, his wife and three young children, the eldest a girl of nine. All slept in the room, the children on neat bunks. Everything was as clean as a pin. The husband had himself built the room's only window, which did not open. The drains were clogged. The wife was in a state almost of nervous collapse and very worried about the effect on her eldest daughter of everyone sleeping in one room. Their rent was 11 shillings a week.

Other people are both less capable of struggling against these appalling conditions and less able to exhibit tolerance. Especially when white people find themselves in rooms in houses owned by coloured people. Cases of coloured landlords charging eight guineas a week for three rooms and making life miserable for white tenants – in one case last month they took the doors off one tenant's rooms and put her property in the street – are however nothing like as common as legend would have you believe. But practically every West Indian and West African I spoke to in the streets and in cafés like the Excel under Camden Road bridge (downstairs, the Tropic Club) complained that they had to pay higher rent for rooms than they would have to pay if they were white. Most paid between £2 10s and £3 for single, barely furnished rooms. Those who work on the railway or in one of the hospitals seldom earn more than £8 a week. A Nigerian student lived in a house with 14 other people which had no bath and one lavatory. 'Poor amenities in Kentish Town', he said. 'Norwood is much better'.

Clearly the Black Horse is not the only source of racial feeling in the borough of St Pancras. It is a dispiriting experience to hear expressions of prejudice spring so quickly to people's lips, especially among people who stand in a competitive relation for work and a place to live with immigrants. Of course, the great majority of people who live in Camden and Kentish Towns live peacefully and happily with their neighbours whoever they may be; and in the schools and at play the children get on fine together. But having an articulate, ex-boxer setting an example and keeping the fires gently burning equally clearly stimulates feeling that might otherwise die away. It is worth reporting that the news that an attempt was being made to take away Mr Webster's licence was seriously regarded by many working-class people as an act of political discrimination: he was being penalised for his beliefs.

W. JOHN MORGAN

An Irish Coxswain

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PENCE that is. Even though 1,000 pence is not to be sniffed at – not when you're a 15-year-old manic-depressive, scabby adolescent.

I was tall for my age and I slouched. I smoked. I liked the idea of money and I thought about sex. And, one day I was slouching about the beach (it was Woolacombe in North Devon), looking slyly at the girls, when I saw a pound note lying in a hoofmark in the sand. What would you do chum? I picked it up and returned to my family, self-contained, superior, hungry. Had I been a typical, straight-backed, hide-bound captain of the First XV type the pound would have been trodden, contemptuously into the sands, if not of time, at least of Woolacombe. It seems therefore that even teen-age slouchers have their place in the scheme of things.

There was talk in the family of going to Newton Abbot Steeplechases. With the pound note hidden in my pocket – itself an omen of good luck – I was surprisingly enthusiastic. And so we went. When we got there I wandered off on my own. I saw The Watcher. He was (as he boasted) 77, a small, old man with a lost, yet implacable, face. He wore a bowler hat. Attached to his overcoat was an brass plate that advertised his calling. He moved through the crowd with a voice like God, quoting the words on the plate: 'The Watcher. From Epsom. Half a crown.'

I moved on. I tried for the first time in my life the cockney's reply to caviar – jellied eels. And overhearing a very Devonian voice say, 'They've sent this *Ross Burn* all the way from the north, I backed my first horse. Incidentally, what is 'north' to a Devonian could well be just round the corner to a lot of us. *Ross Burn* was trained in fact at Newmarket. His sire was called Delius, and, since I was musical myself, I felt this was another good omen. I took out my pound and bet ten shillings of it at 8-1. I learned the hard way. Having taken my ten shillings the bookie contemptuously increased the price to 10-1, before I'd even moved away. Then a whisky-smelling character with a face like old maps, pushed past me and presenting a fistful of five pound notes, said: 'A monkey to a half, *Ross Burn*.' The class system of racing was never so apparent. He received a fawning smile and a 'Yes sir, thank you very much sir.' The price went back to 8-1 and I went back to my jellied eels. I found The Watcher partaking also.

'Well, lad,' he said ejecting between golden teeth the mauled backbone of an eel.

'I backed *Ross Burn*, sir' I said. I called him 'sir' because I was a bit of a cringer at that age – I tell you I was most unattractive.

'Not a chance,' he said as he sucked in a mouthful. He chewed solemnly beneath the even keel of his bowler. Then he spat and said, *sotto voce*, and with the sheer weight of doom on his shoulders: '*Cabbage* will win the next.' He paused and looked about him – like Guy Fawkes before he struck the match – and he said: 'I had it straight from the owner's cousin's chauffeur.'

I was impressed. 'Thank you, sir,' I said and, realising that this was his living, I offered him half a crown.

'No,' he replied, 'that's for free. But I'll have another portion of these with you, if you like.'

'Have a carton,' I replied grandly.

'Ah, I will,' he said. The eel man wrapped

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ICI

it up for him, and like a priest The Watcher walked away.

'How much?' I said.

'Five shillings,' said the eel man.

I paid. You have to.

The race started. At that moment I had only five shillings left and, as the 12 runners approached the fourth jump with *Ross Burn* a dignified last, I felt a vague resentment against the world. But, as they went round the second time and three had fallen and two looked bored, my interest became keener. And when three more fell at the open ditch (*Ross Burn* was now close up fourth) I looked at the world with a wild surmise. If the other three fall I thought . . . and no sooner was this thought in my mind than the leader duly obliged and brought down the second and third. *Ross Burn* passed the sprawling bodies and cantered to the post in solitary triumph – and with that solemn dignity I had come to expect of him. The crowd looked at this with a furious silent disbelief and I looked for my bookmaker.

There was a queue of two at the bookie – the £500 to £50 man, purple, florid and triumphant, and myself, the 80 shillings to ten man, tolerant, superior and golden. We were both paid out, he with an enormous wad and me with nine half-bars. I walked away and passed the Tote queue. I saw and heard the Watcher.

'I told you to back *Ross Burn*,' he intoned. 'I told you to step in and get yourself some wages.'

I said nothing. He came nearer.

'I told you to back . . .', he began and then he saw me. 'Here's a gentleman who took my tip', he said triumphantly and, taking my arm, he presented me, in the most florid traditions of the impresario, to the crowd. Many sullen eyes looked at me. I looked at them. I felt a trifle hysterical. And the five shillings' worth of jellied eels was still a sore point.

'That's quite incorrect', I began rather primly. You told me to back *Cabb* . . .'

'Well!' he said with a grand gesture of shocked amazement. He turned to the crowd. I felt persecuted. 'Ingratitude, that's what it is', he continued. 'I tell this young kid a good thing because after 50 years in the game I know good things. I'm an old man but I like to help the youngsters. I give this one a free tip . . .'

'Did you hell,' I began.

'Shut up,' said a squat character. 'Let the old boy speak.'

'That's right,' said a large lady with enormous legs and a pom-pom hat. 'You tell him George. These college boys coming here and thinking . . .' She tailed off into a threatening look. The crowd thickened. It seemed in a lynching mood.

'Oh,' continued The Watcher to the massed ranks of the angrily curious, 'I don't mind the lad being poor. I've been poor myself – so have we all. We all know what it's like. But we're still sports aren't we? We aren't mean. We wouldn't want to cheat a very old man especially when he's done you a good turn. Now would we?' He held out his hands like Mark Antony.

'Don't they teach you sportsmanship then?' asked a nasty frog of a man.

'You ought to be ashamed,' the large lady said. 'Come on Watcher – I'm not like these college boys. Give us half a crown's worth.' She turned to me. 'Go on off with you,' she said with a nasty gesture, 'and don't come back until you've learned to be a sport.'

The crowd caught her fervour. Half crowns rained on The Watcher. And black looks rained on me. I slunk very vulnerably away.

I was very quiet when I returned to the family. For the remaining races I sat in the car counting my nine ten-shilling notes and trembling from my recent nightmare. As we were leaving the car park after the last race I saw The Watcher. Rapidly I lowered the window. 'Well,' I said, 'that's a fine thing you . . .'

He interrupted. 'Been looking all over for you,' he said. He held out a pound note. 'Here's your share.' He thrust it in my hand. 'Sometimes,' he said professionally, 'you have to stir 'em up a bit.' And as I swallowed my amazement and pocketed the money, he disappeared like a water rat into the rushes.

'Who was that loathsome looking man?' asked my mother.

Proudly and mysteriously I said, 'That was The Watcher.'

It was then that I made one of my famous mistakes; almost a Freudian one.

'There's more in him,' I said feeling tolerably charitable, 'than eyes the meat.'

My family looked at me strangely.

NOEL WOODIN

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The Arts and Entertainment

Shakespeare's Labour Lost

THE PROGRAMME for the Mermaid's battle-dress production of *Henry V* gives fair warning of what is to follow:

> The play you are about to see is an essay in war.
>
> When it opens two mighty powers stand against each other in the last moments of an uneasy peace.
>
> You will see this restless peace leap into war . . .
>
> You will see boys from the shires and city youths with fear gnawing their bowels march unflinchingly into Hell.

And so on. Horatio Bottomley could hardly have done better. Alas, whatever the limitations of *Henry V*, Shakespeare did do better, much better. You would never know it from this production.

The idea behind it is tolerable: change the armour into battledress, modernise the cannons, give the Chorus a muse of fire in the shape of a cinema newsreel and good sound effects, tickle the text a bit ('Think, when you talk of tanks, that you see them/Printing their steel tracks i' th' receiving earth'), and turn the low-lifers into spivs. It might have worked; Guthrie triumphantly carried off the same trickery in his recent *All's Well*. But Julius Gellner is no Guthrie. He is fatally attracted to the obvious: 'Our women mock at us,' says the Dauphin; the ladies on the other side of the stage dutifully titter. He has difficulty getting people on and off the stage without inordinate fuss and, while the Chorus described 'the creeping murmur' of the night, he allowed an off-stage thumping that sounded positively supernatural. Apart from Sean Kenny's set, the play's one consistent interest is in what Mr Gellner will bring on next. He managed everything from light artillery to a toy poodle, though, oddly enough, he forgot the field kitchen stove.

But where the production is merely unfortunate, the adapters' apparent contempt for Shakespeare's play is downright offensive. It goes without saying that the text has been decimated. But with a purpose: to turn the work into a simple patriotic pageant. All the human touches, the unheroic feeling and humour that set the militarism in its place have been cut: the death of Falstaff; the farewell to Mistress Quickly; most of the Nym, Bardolph and Pistol scenes and those between the four captains (Capt. Jamy is out altogether); the French plunder of the baggage and Henry's rage. Everything, in short has gone that makes the play rather more than a bare campaign history with stirring moments. I wonder if an impartial foreigner, who had never heard of either, would realise that *Henry V* and *Treasure Island*, which preceded it at the Mermaid, are by different authors.

The cast seemed correspondingly depressed. Edgar Wreford, Philip Grout, Ronald Pember and Harry Gwyn-Davies all did tolerably well. Aubrey Woods had a moment or two as Pistol. Suzanne Fuller spoke a charming French. The rest managed their lines and little more. Indeed, Anton Diffring, who looked rather impressive as Montjoy, spoke all his through the nose darkly. As for the King himself: William Peacock turned him into a nice, light-weight rhetorician with the usual, vibrant elocutionist's voice. He sobbed like an Italian tenor in the St Crispin speech and was martial only when courting poor Kate. Still, this production will at least settle the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy: as the old chestnut advises, just open their graves and see who has turned most.

Visit to a Small Planet (Westminster) is an amusing talky-talky play with science fiction trimmings. Alan Badel, looking less other-worldly than he did as Stephen Dedalus, arrives on a tourist trip from another, better-run planet on which all problems have been solved and everyone has settled down to an eternity of apparently boring maturity. Except Mr Badel, who likes slumming in backward places (the American South, to be exact) and has a taste for war. By miscalculation he lands too late for the Battle of Gettysburg, so he amuses himself by trying to start a little war of his own. Mr Badel carries this off with such cool elegance of style as to hint that other galaxies than our own have their versions of RADA. He is outwitted at the last moment by the young, pert and very pretty daughter of the house, Joanna Dunham, whose elegance is more satisfyingly terrestial. Brian Murray gives an excellent performance as her sad-sack beau; Frank Pettingell bumbles ably on and off as one of the Pentagon's desk-top soldiers. The author, Gore Vidal, one of the liveliest of the younger American novelists, uses the plot simply as a peg on which to hang a great many witty remarks and, occasionally, some very funny satire of American jingoism. But he is a more accomplished wit and satirist than playwright. Small planet, small play.

A. ALVAREZ

Matthew Smith

ROGER FRY praised Matthew Smith for his 'plastic' colour. It's an example of Fry's tendency (present in all critics, perhaps, but especially strong in Fry) to wish upon work he admired the sort of aesthetic qualities he approved of. Smith, in spite of his training under Matisse and evident love of Cézanne, didn't use colour plastically. He got his effects of space and volume through tone; and where he painted in pure colour, without modelling and aerial perspective, there is no volume or space. There's a second sense in which he wasn't a modern artist. Modern art began when the Impressionists started to translate the whole scene in front of them, grass, trees, water, sky, into one consistent texture. In Smith's landscapes the textures of earth and sky are as distinct as they are in a Constable. The marks of the brush are those of a Constable sketch, and all that Smith has taken from modern art is the right to use colours which are arbitrary and more pure than those visible in nature.

He was in many ways the Wilson Steer of his generation, related to Fauvism as Steer was to Impressionism, to Constable as Steer was to Turner. One could go so far as to say that the role played by Gainsborough in providing Steer's erotic ideal is echoed by the influence upon Smith of Delacroix. Until I saw the present memorial exhibition at Tooth's, I was never aware of the magnitude of Smith's indebtedness to Delacroix, was content to accept the usual view that Smith got his dream of fleshly beauty straight from the Venetians. There are four nudes at Tooth's (Nos. 2, 10, 19, 20) which are probably more *totally* inspired by Delacroix than

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any important painting since the early Renoir. Seeing this, one sees how much there is of Delacroix in the flower paintings, not to mention the little copy of a Rubens. And the significant thing is that the relation to Delacroix is direct, that it doesn't come through Cézanne. It runs all through Smith's work – the exotic romanticism, the essentially rhetorical placing of figures and objects within the frame, the particular kind of sonorous colour, except of course that the colour has that greater degree of freedom which has been won by modern art.

Only, it's Delacroix without tears. It's quite remarkable how little Smith's paintings refer to reality. As soon as one begins to look at them hard, moving on from the acceptance of them as pictures – from one's delight in them as pictures – towards seeing their subjects in terms of them, they become meaningless, dissolve away. When one looks at the kind of still-life by Cézanne or Matisse which inspired Smith's paintings of fruit, the relationship between the forms on the canvas translates into a sense of real objects become more real through the tautness of that relationship. In the still-lifes by Smith, the forms are not clenched, are too relaxed, and never become more than a delectable series of coloured shapes. The painting and the reality simply haven't connected. The real subject of these, it seems to me, is the pleasure of painting. The passion in them is a passion for painting itself, a passion for painting a Delacroix or a Matisse, not a passion for painting the subject of a Delacroix or a Matisse. But the passion is real and urgent, it *is* a passion for painting, not merely for the idea of painting, not merely for the idea of colour. So that although Smith's colour, as I said before, is detachable from his sense of volume and space, it is nonetheless not, as in so much English painting, detachable from the shapes; it is integral to the conception, the conception being, not a way of re-making reality, but a way of making a picture.

Smith's paintings, then, don't stand up to prolonged contemplation, and at Tooth's they seem very beautiful only when one comes into the gallery and looks quickly round (they look marvellous when seen out of the corner of one's eye, and I don't say this bitchily). And yet, if one can't go on looking at them, one *can* look at them again and again. They are painted with such conviction and such lyricism that that first fine rapture is recaptured each time they are seen.

DAVID SYLVESTER

French Cinema

WITH the arrival on Monday at the Curzon of François Truffaut's *Les Quatre Cent Coups* we meet the most promising and personal talent in the *nouvelle vague*. (By the way, I really can't accept *The Four Hundred Blows* as a title.) Truffaut is young, involved as the artist should be, sniffing eagerly after the scents of childhood: no doubt *Zéro de Conduite* has made its mark, but he has his own schooling to tell, his own way of seeing it. That exploration of the Eiffel Tower neighbourhood beyond the titles prepares us for an engaged eye.

Nor are we disappointed. For Antoine, twelve and a half, school means a dilapidated classroom, old-fashioned punishments, whistle blasts in the cold, sarcasm to be outwitted. At once he's in trouble; no wonder, with a father going off to motor rallies, a mother whose typing leads to after-office affairs; he himself curls up in the passage where those going in or out have to step over the end of the couch. At night he has to carry refuse down to the basement; he pinches from his parents as do others; cuts school to go wandering with a pal in a funfair and splay himself in the revolving well; lights a candle to Balzac in a cupboard and starts a fire, copies his best-known ending for an essay and gets caught. His most outrageous exploit (such a quiet boy!) is to excuse an absence by saying that his mother's dead; she appears in person to confound him. Then there's the sleeping out, the theft of a typewriter, leading to a reformatory with details more than ever Dickensian. In the end he escapes from a football game and runs and runs – in a wonderfully sustained accompanying shot – till his feet touch the fringe of that sea he has never seen; and turns to us in a still.

The fascination of *Les Quatre Cent Coups* lies in an absorption that, whatever its dwellings and trailings off, can't go wrong: all the resentments, manias, stifled dreams, and silences of a childhood that might be labelled 'delinquent', come to us naked and unexplained. Truffaut's own realistic and lyrical obsession is made crystal by his actors (especially Jean-Pierre Léaud as the boy) and by Henri Decae's camera-work. He has the gift of imparting the secret life in action; and not only does this, his first full-length film, draw us back, but we long for a sight of the twenty-minute *Les Mistons* that preceded it.

This week sees also the beginning of a French Season at the National Film Theatre, which will be with us for months and which will no doubt determine what we think of as 'French Cinema' for many years to come. Under the title 'Fifty Famous Films', it eschews some overplayed favourites and institutes its own selectiveness, which ranges from *L'Age d'Or* to *Farrébique*, *Le Roman d'un Tricheur* to *Quatorze Juillet*, *Zéro de Conduite* to *Boudu Sauvé des Eaux* and *La Chienne*. The titles you are least likely to have heard of in that series belong to two Renoir films of the Thirties, now for the first time imported; in a sense the whole season forms a tribute to Renoir, whose talent after all these years still hauntingly eludes. *La Règle du Jeu* and *Partie de Campagne*, his commonly

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accepted masterpieces, will come up for reassessment; and the season has already kicked off with his latest, *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe*. This won't be repeated, since very shortly it will be coming to the West End, and therefore I shall not be reviewing it till then. One may divulge that it's in colour, shot at Cagnes and in the house where Auguste Renoir spent his last years, and that the film is not only appealing in itself but likely to affect our judgment of an artist who has never been less than true to his own subtleties and simplicities. From time to time as the season gets into its swing I shall return to Renoir, and to such other realignments as may emerge. Meanwhile here is a programme stretching well into the summer. Resist it if you can.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Alienation of Parts

THE art-student who fell down the front steps was typical – it was probably her highly typical spike heel that tripped her. But the building from which she fell was far from typical, beginning with the double doors, which were hinged in the middle, not at the outside. But much more untypical than that . . . the second corollary to the fourth Law of Subtopia states 'In any given community, the ugliest building will be the school of art'.

Not in Glasgow. The art school there (1896) is an undoubted masterpiece – *the* masterpiece of its designer, Charles Rennie Mackintosh; one of the handful of really important buildings to emerge from *Art Nouveau*. It is also, I think the weirdest building I have ever been in. Weird? Bent, twisted, real gone Mac. This is not to say that it is unfunctional, or wildly extravagant. Far from it; the materials used are homely and sparse, and it appears to work as well as any comparable building I have been in, Max Bill's *Hochschüle* at Ulm not excepted. But the effect is just manic-depressive – exhilaration at its boldness, cunning and untrammelled imagination, alternating with something like sick panic at the dripping decadence of most of its detailing.

It isn't difficult to see why. The design is a triumph of absolute integrity – craftsmanly integrity in the use of materials, artistic integrity in honouring the demands of genius. The proof of genius is in the perfect synthesis of the two integrities in almost everything you see – only the synthesis is different for each material employed in its construction, and where an ordinary sane genius would evolve a single coherent aesthetic for the whole design, Mackintosh has an independent one for each major material.

In stone and brick he proceeds like an ideal Ruskinian master-mason, building a medieval castle – but a Castle Perilous since it has a low-arched Norman crypt *on the top floor*. Glass is to transmit light, or relieve the solidity of opaque materials – for the studios he puts up enormous windows with over-thin mullions, as if he were determined not to exclude one fraction of a lumen of usable daylight, and elsewhere he inserts tiny heart- or bean-shaped jewels of coloured glass in the doors. Wood comes in trees or planks – vertical members shoot up like tapering, squared-off saplings, but the joists from which beams and short posts are made, he treats as if they were sacred timbers, never to be cut. They cross or overlap inviolate, without mortise or rabbet. Where a beam would normally pass through or over a post, he twins it, so that it passes on either side. In the tall two-storey library (the last part completed, in 1906) twinned beams grip the upright two-storey posts, and support a balcony whose edge-beam and balustrade stand back a clear two feet from the uprights, so that these fastidiously virginal and dissociated members add up the first great space-game of the Modern Movement, a generation ahead of its time.

But the metal-work is the manic-depressive limit. Ever one for paring down to ultimates, Mackintosh reduces metal *ad absurdum* – thin hammered sheets, fine twisted rails, balustrades like iron whalebone, safety-grilles so thin that they tremble under the hand, knotted turks'-heads of wiry inconsequence crowning willowy uprights. All honestly hand-wrought, but over-wrought to the point of dematerialization, so that little remains but a thin handwriting in space, a Mathieu painting in 3-D.

Space is the good word here. You are constantly made aware of it, and of Mackintosh's almost premature mastery of it, both in the Baroque sense of volumes made rhetorical by controlled light and shade, and in the Modernist sense of an empty continuum made eloquent and apprehensible by spidery structural gestures that define but never enclose the volumes. Mackintosh, in pursuit of his own neurotic vision, overran the frontier between traditional space concepts and modern ones, without knowing or caring – it took the rest of the *pietätvolle Architektentum* another twenty years to edge its way cautiously into the new world of space.

The mastery of space is one of the things that holds the design together, it is the master-aesthetic absorbing the disparate aesthetics of the parts. The other unifying concept becomes comprehensible only when, having grasped the spatiality of the whole, you see the parts in relation and context. Individually the works in different materials are such strangers to one another that a collection of them in an exhibition looks like a group exhibit, not a one-man show. But all together in the original building they add up to what one might call a system of graduated licence.

In masonry and glass there is practically no licence. I suspect these were not materials that could be wrought as Mackintosh would have liked, and he handles them expansively, but simply. In wood he is far more inventive – the roof of the main hall has fairly simple trusses, but he exaggerates the king-posts to braggart dimensions; the library is without precedent, and the roof structure of the studio above culminates in piles of crossed timbers that might, just, have come from Japan if they did not come from the recesses of his whisky-lashed imagination.

In iron, it is no holds barred, with one very revealing exception – in general the metal that brackets out from sober stone is much less frantic than where it grows out of the ever-friskier woodwork. It was this tempering of imaginative licence in the presence of masonry that first gave me the clue to the method – if I have got it right. I think I have, because it makes sense as you look at it. Not ordinary man-in-Sauchiehall Street sense, but the sort of sense that the choice of sick metaphors makes in the last scene of Ibsen's *Ghosts* – that terrifying moment when the images of 'soft' and 'velvety' force themselves insanely through the hard crust of flat-footed dialogue.

Mackintosh is like that – or as near to it as you can get in a building that will stand normal wear and tear. In uncomfortable truth it is astonishing how the last twists of Romantic Agony *in extremis* come through, and insofar as it survives and still convinces

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it is one of a very small company of masterpieces of that mood and period that have stood the erosion of time. What else is there? Munch's painting before his breakdown – neither Toorop nor Ensor is really comparable – some of Richard Strauss, some of *A Portrait of the Artist*. But nothing in architecture; continental *Art Nouveau* at its battiest was never like this, not even Gaudi. Mackintosh's combination of unity in the whole with alienation among the parts is unique, masterly, and profoundly disturbing.

REYNER BANHAM

Sick Monday Morning

WHEN I wrote at length, three weeks ago, about British television commercials and the apparatus for controlling them, I mentioned that, although no such entertainment is advertised in the *TV Times*, anybody who cares to tune in to ITV on a Monday at 10 a.m. can see a solid half-hour of the latest commercials.

This programme, known as *Monday's Newcomers*, is intended primarily for the trade. Not all new commercials are in it, and it includes some which have been first seen during the previous week. Advertisers and advertising agencies, proud of their craft, voluntarily contribute to what is, in effect, a kind of house magazine.

Monday's Newcomers is also watched by Mr Archie Graham, the Independent Television Authority's censor of advertising, and thus provides an opportunity for a final check of the truthfulness and tastefulness of commercials; but, Mr Graham emphasises, 'this is only one of the ultimate checking devices – the main check is the examination by the programme companies of every commercial at every stage, from script to final product.' If he saw something impermissible which had slipped through this doubtless scrupulous screening, he could, even at this stage, 'kill' the commercial in question. But he would do this only in a very serious case. If it were what he calls a 'slip in good faith', he would be content with a warning.

I watched this programme for the first time this week. I found it a grisly experience: even eight minutes of commercials in a peak hour are less insupportable than a continuous thirty minutes of them, soon after breakfast on Monday. Indeed, though I have a fairly strong stomach and have never been sea-sick or (hitherto) air-sick, I felt, by 10.30, a perceptible physical queasiness – so closely and so unappetisingly associated were the diverse elements in the diet offered: Bird's lemon-pie filling ('*it's the lemonest*!' – what, lemoner than lemons?), cat food, Ideal milk, dog food, 'Eskimo peas are frozen fresher' (but Birdseye peas are 'fresh*est*'), budgie food, 'fish fingers for tea,' Bickiepegs for baby ('make chewing easy'), something called 'pastels' (pastilles), and Abbey biscuits, on which we heard a lovely woman's teeth crunching briskly, as though they were her husband's bones. Relief at last, I thought, seeing 'H is for Harris' – that nice, fragrant tweed. Alas, no, it was Harris's savoury minced steak: 'no wonder she keeps slim and attractive.'

They were not all about food, of course; but it was not pleasant to see a 'housewife', her lips heavily made-up, taste pea-soup and put the spoon back in the saucepan – almost at once to be assured by another 'housewife' merrily, that everyone in her family had 'trouble in the mouth', ulcers or something, sometime. A 'miraculous' new spot-remover, however, was for textiles.

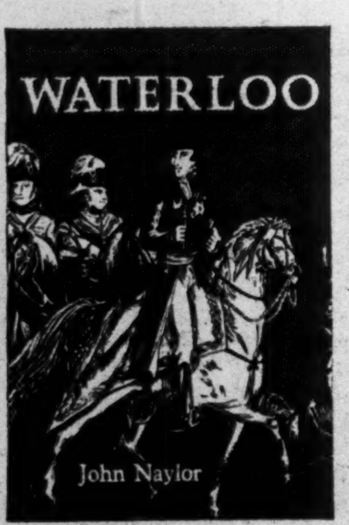
I put three specific queries to Mr Graham: (1) A *Queen* magazine commercial stated that the new Paris fashion designs could not 'legally' be released until 1 March – but wasn't this merely a trade embargo rather than a matter of law? (2) A brilliantly photographed commercial showed a pillow being thrown from a high window and kicked along the street by children: wasn't this a breach of the 'public service' policy of not suggesting ideas to children that might cause accidents? (3) Two tins of Campbell's tomato rice soup, 'made with butter and real fresh cream', can be had 'absolutely free'. *Absolutely*? And how much 'real fresh cream' per gallon?

After investigation, he replied: (1) 'legally' is okay because those attending the shows sign undertakings which have the force of law. (2) His reaction to the pillow commercial had been the same as mine – and he has laid down that it is not to be shown before 9.30 p.m. (3) Astonishingly, the claim about the two free tins is true; it isn't yet known how much cream is used, but if tens of millions of viewers get their free tins, the makers won't be able to afford a lot of it . . . Surely, unless they cut this offer off after a very few days, it makes nonsense of the whole business?

Anyway, I am glad to learn that there have recently been high-level talks about the possibility of more rigorous checks on visual techniques (e.g., the polish that wipes clean at one stroke); and I hope that all the advertisers, and the clever people who advise them, will drench themselves in Reveille's Aloha – 'the perfume that will bring you love, luck, and happiness.'

TOM DRIBERG

BRITISH BATTLES
SERIES



21s
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Correspondence

THE ETU SCANDAL

SIR, – Let us not lose our heads. The trade union movement is not 'in peril' because of the present ETU row. But if it receives a setback, it will be less, as John Freeman claims, by the actions of the ETU leaders than by those who campaign, in effect, to have the ETU expelled from the TUC.

Let us be realistic about the campaign. This is not primarily a row about gerrymandering union elections, which is not uncommon, honestly though many people may be outraged by the allegations of rigging made against the ETU leaders. It is an anti-Communist campaign. That is a reasonable assumption until one of the many comparable scandals in the movement, including those which discriminate against Communists, produces an equivalent outpouring of protest. Nobody suggests that the ETU is a bad or ineffective union. On the contrary, it is a good and successful one. Nobody suggests that the opposition would provide better leadership. (The experience of other unions in which Communists have been pushed out by an alliance of internal opposition, anti-Communist 'fraction-work' and the press would not encourage such an expectation.) I have yet to see any substantial issue of union policy at stake in this dispute. Few will even seriously suggest that the resources of democracy within the ETU are exhausted, for it provides for a multiplicity of periodic elections and re-elections, unlike several other unions which genuinely permit no democratic redress once a leading official is elected for life. If the voting tendency of the past three years continues, which seems likely, then the Communists will in due course lose control, unless the leaders abolish elections altogether, which would rightly produce a genuine scandal. Rigging, even if it does take place, can only delay the process somewhat; probably less than the huge press support for the opposition can advance it. The campaign is thus at best one for speeding up the processes of democracy.

But let us also be realistic about the possible consequences of the campaign. Suppose we have the electrical workers split and weakened by the doubtless embittered rivalry of a disaffiliated ETU and a passionately anti-red breakaway union recognised by the TUC. Does anybody doubt that this is likely to be the result, if matters are pushed to extremes? Or that such a split would weaken electrical unionism, and for that matter unionism in a wide range of industries (notably all engineering and shipbuilding) which benefit from the strategic power of the handfuls of key workers whom a united electrical union can call out? Suppose, further, that we have the TUC Left weakened – as it has so far fortunately not been – by sectarian duels among those who have hitherto, and rightly, united against the rightwingers. Do we seriously think that the prospects of the Labour Left, which depend largely on the maximum mobilisation of support on the union side, will be improved by this?

In brief, while it is easy to see why the *Daily Telegraph*, or the British Santamarias, or the extreme right wing of the movement, welcome the hounding of the ETU, it is excessively difficult to see why a left wing Labour journal should take the initiative in doing so. The ETU situation, unsatisfactory as it is, will right itself. Would the damage done to the entire Left, if the anti-ETU campaign produces its logical results, be so easily or probably remedied?

E. J. HOBSBAWM

[John Freeman writes: Mr Hobsbawm constructs his ingenious argument on a false premise. This is not in essence an anti-Communist campaign – though the slowness of the TUC in dealing with the situation has of course enabled professional anti-Communists to cash in. Nor is the purpose of the campaign to get the ETU expelled from the TUC. It is directed solely at forcing the impartial investigation of certain grave and specific charges which have been made by ETU members against a few identifiable people in the ETU leadership. Ed. NS.]

SIR, – In his article on the ETU last week John Freeman says that out of about 110 disallowed branches in the recent election for general secretary, the votes for 46 are now known and every one voted for Byrne. I find it difficult to believe that there can be many more of the 110 which voted for Byrne, but have not yet informed the press about it, so that it is reasonably clear that about half, if not an actual majority of the disallowed branches voted for Haxell. On these figures John Freeman cannot make his insinuation sound reasonable. He also refers to a 'further hint of the trend which the voting took'. In 216 branches whose votes have become accurately known to him, there was a majority vote against Haxell. But, of course, this 216 will not be a fair and random sample. It will be made up of the great majority of branches which voted against Haxell and feel sore about losing.

These are only two instances of how partial and unreasoning is John Freeman's attack on the ETU – as indeed is the entire Tory and right-wing onslaught. Notwithstanding the palpable rubbish that is written about the ETU, I am quite sure in my mind that some of the criticisms of the ETU elections are valid. I am also quite sure it is right that malpractices should be brought to light, so that union democracy is made to work properly. Apart from anything else, I think it is inexcusable that the ETU didn't change the electoral arrangements long ago. They are relatively complicated and positively ask for abuse, whereas a much more watertight system of election could, by now, have been devised if the ETU executive had desired it.

But, having said that, I for one cannot stomach the attack being made on the ETU at present because, from John Freeman and the NEW STATESMAN right through to the *Daily Telegraph* and beyond, it is an entirely unprincipled and dishonest attack. The attack is made under the guise of safeguarding trade union democracy, yet everyone in the trade union movement knows that, certainly relatively, the ETU is a democratic union, much more so than many others. Why, for example, don't the ardent defenders of trade union democracy turn their guns on the General and Municipal Workers' Union, which is run by a self-perpetuating bureaucracy which has lost all interest in, and capacity for, seriously advancing the interests of its members; or the British Iron, Steel and Kindred Trades Association, which the members have almost no say in running at all. There are many others as well, though these are two pillars of the right wing.

The ETU is a good trade union. It fights hard for the interests of its members. It is also a responsible union – wildcat strikes are not usually called by its members. The one-sided, biased and unprincipled attacks now being made on it are, in my opinion, thoroughly harmful to the trade union movement generally; and, far from promoting a growth in trade union democracy (which I regard as highly desirable), but strengthening the right wing, they will achieve the opposite effect.

TRADE UNION OFFICIAL

SOUTH AFRICAN BOYCOTT

SIR, – Today while walking in the streets of Johannesburg I saw a sight which touched me deeply – a little African child, a beautiful and sensitive-looking boy of about ten years, dressed in clean but patched clothing. His arms and legs were so thin, and his eyes so prominent in his face, that I got a startling impression of prolonged hunger and malnutrition.

Why should I even remember this child in a city where extreme poverty is commonplace? In this same day I saw no less than 20 beggars, blind or hopelessly crippled, and of course the usual army of the ragged, the helpless, the frustrated; and being a Monday, two lorry loads of African women *en route* to the courts from prison, presumably held during police raids on locations during the weekend. The other day I read of the hundreds living in burrows in the ruins of Sophiatown. Is there to be no end to the suffering, borne by non-white people in this country?

If sympathisers wish to deal a really severe blow to the authors of *apartheid* here, they will extend the boycott of goods to all parcels and letters bearing South African postage stamps. Ask your unions to refuse to sort or deliver this mail. Through your boycott, strike a blow for freedom here. Our hands are tied.

LAMBERT WILSON

Johannesburg

SENTENCED TO MARRIAGE

SIR, – Surely Winifred Jerram makes too simple a case in her letter calling for divorce law reform. No one in this country is forced into marriage and no one should be forced into divorce. We might agree to divorce by mutual consent. For then it can be assumed that the parties have reached some tolerable settlement for their difficulties. But a law on the grounds suggested is not far from the Mohammedan's clapping of hands.

Few human beings are capable of prolonged and unrelenting venom and the number of people withholding divorce from pure spite must be small. It is safe to say that the 'guilty' parties are usually to blame for any venom there is. Few marriage breakdowns are negotiated with tact. Telling a spouse they are a 'youthful mistake' is hardly the way to secure willing co-operation. Intruding parties may be just as subject to cupidity as anyone else. And hearing the criticisms couples sometimes make about former spouses is to realise no one possesses a monopoly of venom.

As to maintenance: in the midst of so much that is fundamentally unjust, without being the fault of individuals, it is useless to apportion

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THE SUNDAY TIMES

blame or excuses. A man compelled to support a wife he no longer loves may feel himself victimised. But while women are made to stake their whole lives on marriage (as they still have to in spite of small recent gains in equality), it is cruel and unjust to abandon them without support. Until the day comes when men and women live and love on equal terms and marriage is not more a dominant factor in the lives of women than it is at present for men, the courts must deal with immediate exigencies. Of the two injustices the lot of the dispensable wife is harder and more unjust than that of the indispensable husband.

One wonders if it is really true that ex-prisoners have the entire resources of the welfare state behind them. But defaulting husbands are quite heavily subsidised by the state. Life is made easier for deserting husbands via the National Assistance Board both in pocket and conscience. Deserted families make up no small part of the very poor living on public funds.

E. Miller

12 Fairfax Road NW6

CUBISM AND EINSTEIN

Sir, – John Berger's attempt to link Cubism with the theories of Einstein and Planck has clearly a certain validity. The discovery that the act of observation interferes with the object observed has a relevance beyond physics. But Berger admits the extreme disparity of levels in the scientific experiment and the aesthetic art. Observations at the atomic level are lavishly transported into a human-scale world. The scientific theories then hardly seem adequate vindications of the methods of Cubism and Picasso. Further, Berger assumes the sufficiency of Relativism and Indeterminacy as modes of apprehending reality – whereas, despite the elements of truth they embody, one might well argue that they are incomplete, one-sided, and include unrealised subjective elements.

The roots of Cubism lie in Cézanne and his tendencies. Already there the artist has found a new active relation to what he sees; he is working out a new dynamic relation between his visual apparatus and the object. But this is well before Relativity or Indeterminacy. One might claim of course that the artist is prophetically grasping trends that lead to the crisis in physics; and there would perhaps be a certain truth in that, if we take a broad enough view of human process. But we still need a critical focus that embraces *both* Cubism and Indeterminacy, not one that merely relates the two together without asking what lies behind the whole development.

We come closer perhaps if we note the connection of Cézanne and the symbolist poets. For all their differences, he and they are making the creative process the object of expression. The self-consciousness in the romantics drives on to the state of *symbolisme* in which the creative process becomes the main theme, but in which the real world still exists in its own right. There is therefore a dialectical flow, a give-and-take. With Cubism, however, the flow is arrested; the relationship tends to become a system, to be abstracted. That is why the result is not a general revitalisation of integrative processes in art, but a powerful stimulus to abstraction for its own sake.

(In an earlier essay in your columns, Berger said that in Cubism at long last the artist is alienated from nature. I should say that on the contrary the stranglehold of alienation there becomes unshakable. The integrative aspect, inherited from Cézanne, is hardening; the essential stress is on the abstraction of the mechanism of sight from the complex process of seeing. Both subject and object are growing unimportant, and the next step is the abstraction that eliminates them.)

To complete the relation between Cubism and science we need to show that the particular aspects of relative relationship and interference in the latter are linked with the particular aspects of distortion in the former; we need more than rough generalisations. However, even if these correlations were forthcoming, we should still be in need of a comprehensive set of values that could criticise both Planck and Picasso. In my opinion we should then see in both thinker and artist a simultaneous resistance and succumbing to the alienating pressures: with a highly complex result, full of both promises and perils.

I think that Berger has all the clues and that he is opening up a serious inquiry, but that he has got to go further yet and be more critical, both of our present science and our post-Cubist art, before he can get at what is implied by a grasp of progress in its fullness, in terms of the scientific and artistic potentialities of our world.

Jack Lindsay

Castle Hedingham
Essex

DRAYNEFLETE ON CAM

Sir, – What a pity that Mr Reyner Banham, so right about the Historic Monuments Commission, should be so wrong about Cambridge! 'Drayneflete on Cam' – what a cheap, catchpenny title to give his review! And how misleading to call Oxford and Cambridge provincial universities, as if they were like those of Leeds or London! Fancy selecting Wilkins's work at Downing as the best that Cambridge could show of the early 19th century, when it can boast masterpieces (albeit wantonly mauled) of Basevi and Cockerell! Why does Mr Banham drag in his statement that King's Chapel is surely the most old-fashioned building put up by a monarch after 1500? Does he mean until the present day? More old-fashioned than Orleans Cathedral? A great many people have argued, even if wrongly, that the whole Renaissance was more old-fashioned than King's Chapel. Does he mean that the King's Chapel is more Gothic than, eg, the church of Brou? Only the masonry is Gothic, in any case. What does it matter if the Chapel is old-fashioned, provided it is good? Think of J. S. Bach.

How sad that Mr Banham should vitiate his case with all his indefensible paradoxes, that he should strain and shout – the typical fault of English prose-writers! For his main arguments are very sound. Victorian architects were at their worst in Cambridge. So one regrets that the Commissioners relaxed the 'No Victorian' rule here first of all – unless, of course, they regard Cambridge as mere spadework for the study of the real Victorian masterpieces, in Glasgow or Manchester. How right, too, is Mr Banham to attack the museum-keeper's dilettantism that pervades the whole work! Nowadays, following Mr Betjeman, we don't worry about the absolute worth of works provided they are nice specimens of their period. We can no longer apply standards, only sample flavours.

The main practical objection to the *Cambridge Inventory* is that, unlike the Survey of Lambeth, it is neither a proper history nor a proper survey. Historical narrative without proper documentation is worth little. The partial measurement and incomplete photography of a building is worth no more. What's the use of black and white photographs of arbitrarily selected patches of stained glass? What Cambridge building is properly recorded in these volumes? Yet, since the actual survey finished, they have taken ten years to produce. I shudder to think of the time and the public money spent on them to so little effect. I shall not buy them myself, until they're remaindered – or until a notorious architectural publicist purloins the best photos and sells them at a fraction of the present charge.

Hugh Plommer

Museum of Classical Archaeology
Little St Mary's Lane
Cambridge

JAMES JOYCE

Sir, – I am editing the second volume of James Joyce's *Letters* for publication by Faber & Faber and the Viking Press; I should be most grateful if anyone having letters from Joyce, or information about them, would write to me.

Richard Ellmann

Northwestern University
Evanston
Illinois

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Two Views of the Eden Memoirs

I — RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

THIS dull book* was written by a brave man in difficult circumstances. It covers the period from October 1951, when Sir Anthony Eden became Foreign Secretary once more, to his resignation as Prime Minister in January 1957. It has been awaited with widespread interest, particularly since the world has been on tiptoe for the author's account of the Suez misadventure at the end of 1956.

Earlier in the book there are two extremely interesting chapters on the war in Indo-China and the Geneva Conference, which lasted from April to July 1954 and which brought that war to a close. These chapters cast much new light upon those complicated negotiations which saw Sir Anthony's diplomatic skill at its highest, and will be read with fascinated attention by all who take an interest in Far Eastern affairs. They constitute a notable addition to contemporary history.

But when the reader comes to Suez, which he may have supposed would be the meat of the book, he will, I apprehend, be seriously disappointed. Sir Anthony adds little to what was already known, and on many issues on which his policy has been questioned or criticised, he makes no attempt to find an answer. It makes a sad story. Many statesmen in their times have made great blunders. Some have been lucky and have had an opportunity to retrieve them. Others, and they include Sir Anthony, have been overtaken by events without this chance. What is sad in reading this book is that the author still does not seem to understand the nature of the mistakes he made, alike in the planning and execution of this venture, which ended in ludicrous and costly disarray, and which might well have been catastrophic for the fortunes of the country he had so long aspired to govern.

At every stage, according to Sir Anthony, he took the right steps; acted on the best military opinion; went through all the proper diplomatic motions, but in the end it all went wrong. He is too honourable to try and shunt the blame on to the shoulders of others; but he is insufficiently percipient to realise, even now, the cardinal blunders he made. To read his well-arranged, though pedestrian account, one would think that it was all just bad luck, 'one of those things'. 'Who could have guessed that this would turn out like that and that that would turn out like this?' he seems to be asking all the time. For someone so experienced in public affairs it makes pathetic reading. It is all rather like the housemaid who broke the valuable piece of china and said, 'It came to pieces in my hand'.

Though Sir Anthony places hardly any new facts or documents at our disposal in the matter of Suez, he does advance three justifications for his actions:

(1) The reason he gave at the time; namely, that it was essential to intervene between the Israelis and the Egyptians, in order to protect the canal and to prevent the outbreak of a major war in the Near and Middle East.

(2) That Nasser was a dictator comparable to Hitler and that if he were to be appeased, instead of resisted, the same tragic pattern of the Thirties would inevitably be reproduced. He harps on this thesis repeatedly.

(3) That the Suez operation, though called off after thirty-six hours, was successful in the sense that it led to the creation of an international police force, under the orders of the United Nations, a pacific device which Sir Anthony had recommended for many years. This was certainly a very small and fugitive dividend to achieve at such enormous cost and with such high risk. And no one will believe that this was one of the objectives which Sir Anthony had in mind when he embarked on his Suez escapade.

Sir Anthony's third explanation is disingenuous, unconvincing and unimportant. The first two are contradictory, and it is in their inherent opposition that may be sought and found the authentic mainsprings of his action and the true reasons for its stultification. Though there were cogent reasons for taking military action against Nasser the moment he stole the canal, and though it is an absurdity to compare Nasser's threat to world peace with that of Hitler or even of Mussolini, it would have been desirable on many grounds if he could have been toppled over. That this could have been achieved, we can all see now, if not at the time, was Sir Anthony's great hope.

But this was not the reason he gave to the British parliament and to the world; nor was it contained in the ultimatum which he directed to the Egyptian and Israeli governments. Far from it. He called upon the Egyptian and Israeli armies to withdraw from the canal zone while the British and the French occupied it. He thereby unwittingly preserved Nasser and his army from total annihilation at the hands of the Israelis. He fell between all the stools and it took a long time and much patience by his successor, Mr Harold Macmillan, to tidy up the resulting mess.

Between the lines of Sir Anthony's book, one can read the true reasons for the fiasco of Suez. What is apparent is that, even now, Sir Anthony does not seem to understand what they were. Let us list them below, not necessarily in order of importance:

(1) The failure after evacuating the canal zone to construct a deep-water harbour in Cyprus, or at least a series of 'hards' at which landing-craft could be easily loaded and unloaded.

(2) The failure to have available sufficient transport aircraft to render possible an immediate military reaction to Nasser's seizure of the canal.

(3) The mute acceptance by Sir Anthony of the military advice that he received.

(4) Sir Anthony's inability to gain the support of President Eisenhower and of the late Mr John Foster Dulles, without which the enterprise was likely to be wrecked.

(5) The postponement of the enterprise for three months until the pretext of the Israeli attack on Egypt could be seized upon as a justification.

(6) The choice of such unsuitable persons as Sir Walter Monckton and Mr Antony Head for the supervision of the military planning.

(7) The timing of the operation, to come three days before the American presidential elections, which the President and his friends were conducting on the basis that he was the Prince of Peace.

(8) The assumption that the Jewish vote in New York would compel the President on the eve of the election to hold his hand at the United Nations in any denunciation of what Israel, France and Britain – patently in collusion – were up to.

(9) The maladroit arrangement whereby, at this critical time, there was no British Ambassador in Washington, who might have explained our cause in a cogent fashion to the President and to the Secretary of State.

(10) The omission to fortify the pound sterling *before* the crisis rather than *during* it; for it was the threat to the pound, more than anything else, that led to the abandonment of the enterprise.

(11) The inefficient collusion between Britain and Israel; all this was left to the French, and very well indeed they arranged it. If the matter had been left to the French and the Israelis, all would have been well. But since it was necessary to shield Sir Anthony Eden's delicate conscience from the full implication of the deal that was being planned, a general incoherence pervaded the entire strategic concept.

In a necessarily short review, it is not possible to do full justice to this book. Those who wish to form a true judgment of the principles and issues involved should read it. If any reader should think that I have been unfair or unnecessarily unkind, I trust that they will also read my account of the affair which was published in 1959. Looking back on what I wrote, with far less information and knowledge than Sir Anthony has at his disposal (he has had access to all the government documents), I do not see any statements of fact or judgment that I could modify.

I said, at the outset, that this was the work of a courageous man writing in difficult circumstances. His courage is shown by his literary pertinacity in ill-health and the extent to which he avoids unfairly putting the blame on other people. His difficult circumstances are not merely that he has been in bad health ever since he ceased to be Prime Minister, but that he has had to tell his story in a slightly broken-backed way.

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* *Full Circle*. By SIR ANTHONY EDEN. *Cassell*. 35s

It may be that he has stronger justifications for what he thought and planned and did than it is possible for him to reveal. For Sir Anthony, with all his long, upright service to Great Britain and the Commonwealth as Foreign Secretary and Prime Minister, would certainly not betray the confidences of those who have put their trust in him.

It will not be possible to make a full and final appraisal of the Suez story for at least a generation. When it is made, we may be sure that Anthony Eden will be found to have done his best; have laboured long and hard in the public cause; but that history will decide that he was not the man best suited to decide issues of such magnitude.

II — PAUL JOHNSON

It is an even more painful task to review this book than to read it. Historical events have a nasty habit of catching up with successful statesmen in their twilight years and dealing cruel blows to their careers. Chatham should have died in 1765, Joseph Chamberlain in 1885; had Asquith passed away before the lamps of Europe were put out, he might have ranked as our greatest premier. If MacDonald had closed his career in 1930, he would now be regarded as the Romulus of the Labour Party instead of its Casca. Both Lloyd George and Baldwin survived too long in power for their reputations. Eden fits into the tragic pattern. For two and a half decades he served the state with success and honour. Like the younger Pitt, he had no private life or pleasures; all energy was consumed in the singleminded pursuit of the public interest. Grey had his birds and fishes, Baldwin his pigs, Asquith his bridge and brandy, Churchill his commonwealth of refuges in which to recover from the buffets of political fortune. Eden had only his red telephones and his telegrams (perhaps the most unconvincing passage in this singularly uneasy narrative is the one in which he describes his devotion to his collection of paintings). Hence, when disaster came, it was complete.

For all these reasons, I had hoped that the memoirs would do Sir Anthony more than justice. Along with others, I had said some very hard things about him at the time of the Suez crisis. Now that anger has passed away, and only bewilderment remains, I would have welcomed the opportunity to examine fresh evidence, to revise conclusions, and, if the facts merited it, to make the *amende honorable*. I was anxious to acquit Sir Anthony, if not of folly, at least of bad faith. These hopes are now dashed. The mystery remains intact: first the collapse of judgment, then of integrity, then the final retreat into querulous exile. It would now seem that everything that could be said on his behalf was said at the time. Sir Anthony has been given the full run of the state archives; but he can make out no better case for his adventure than such journalistic supporters as Mr John Connell and Mr T. E. Utley.

Worse still. During the crisis, Sir Anthony found himself walking a sagging tightrope of half-truths. To some extent, his performance at the time could be excused by the physical pressure of events, the interests of the state (once the government was committed) and not least his own medical condition. None of these extenuating circumstances applies to his memoirs. To repeat, in cold blood, and in the most barefaced manner, all his evasions, suppressions and downright misrepresentations – and, moreover, to add fresh ones – is to invite the most categorical censure. Let us examine some of the more obvious examples. Mr Anthony Nutting, Eden's closest disciple and follower, is mentioned seven times in the book; at no point is any reference whatsoever made to Nutting's resignation, still less to his remarkable self-abnegation in refusing to utter public criticism of his old chief. Sir Edward Boyle, whose resignation was directly linked to the financial crisis which forced the government to order the cease-fire, and who actually wrote the crucial cabinet paper, is not mentioned at all. Only a line-and-a-half is devoted to Mr Antony Head's remarkable journey to Cyprus, undertaken a few hours before the landings at the express desire of the wavering element in the cabinet. Needless to say, the word 'collusion' is not allowed to sully Sir Anthony's pages.

Suppression is one thing; deception is another. Eden describes in detail his secret meeting with Mollet and Pinay on 16 October 1956; without specifically admitting that he knew at this date of the impending Israeli attack, he makes it plain that the details of the Allied response – subsequently embodied in the ultimatum – were settled on this occasion. Then:

> On 25 October the Cabinet discussed the specific possibility of conflict between Israel and Egypt and decided in principle how it would react if this occurred. The governments of France and the United Kingdom should, it considered, at once call on both parties to stop hostilities and withdraw their forces to a distance from either bank of the canal. If one or both failed to comply . . . then British and French forces would intervene . . .

The same day, reports reached London of the Israeli mobilisation and (Eden conveniently omits any mention of this) the British Embassy was instructed to 'urge restraint' on the Israeli government as regards an attack on Jordan. If, as Eden claims, he was anxious to prevent an Arab-Israeli conflict, and if, as he now admits, the Cabinet had considered 'the specific possibility of conflict between Israel and Egypt', why was no mention made of Egypt in the 'restraint' message? Eden, moreover, now reveals that on 16 October he asked the French to warn the Israelis privately not to attack Jordan – again, no mention of Egypt. A few lines later he gives the reason: 'if there were to be a break-out, it would be better from our point of view that it should be against Egypt.' In other words, the International Fireman was not opposed to pyromania, provided the fire was lit in the right place!

There is an even more intriguing deduction to be made from this passage. It states, categorically, that the full cabinet approved of the contingency plan (later embodied in the ultimatum) five days before the Israeli invasion took place. Yet several cabinet ministers asserted privately at the time that the first they knew of the plan was when the cabinet met on the morning of 30 October, after the invasion had already begun. As one of them put it: 'We were handed the poisoned chalice without warning, and had either to drain it to its bitter dregs or dash it from the hand which proffered it'. Evidently, somebody is not telling the truth. Who?

Again, when Eden comes to the second crucial cabinet, on 6 November, at which the cease-fire was decided, he states:

> The Chancellor of the Exchequer had rightly been to see the Foreign Secretary about our financial position earlier that day and I knew that it was grim. Another factor weighed even more in my mind, and I am sure in that of my colleagues. We had intervened to divide and, above all, to contain the conflict. The occasion for our intervention was over, the fire was out. Once the fighting had ceased, justification for further intervention ceased with it. I have no doubt that it was on this account more than any other that no suggestion was made by any of my colleagues, either then or in the hours which elapsed before my announcement in the House that evening, that we and the French should continue our intervention.

In short, Eden asks us to believe (1) that the run on sterling was not the principal reason for the cease-fire; (2) that, on the contrary, the operation was ended because it had succeeded; (3) that no vote was taken at this cabinet; (4) indeed, that not only were ministers unanimous but that none of them even advanced any argument for carrying on to Suez. As Field Marshal 'Wully' Robertson used to say to Lloyd George, 'A've hurrd different'.

One is driven to the inescapable conclusion that in narrating these episodes Eden has been, as parliamentarians put it, less than frank. Even making allowance for his state of mind, Eden must know this. His colleagues certainly know it, and he must know that they know it. British public men do not take easily to shared deceit, or relish it in retrospect. What uneasy silences must surround the topic of Suez when these men gather together over their port and pheasant!

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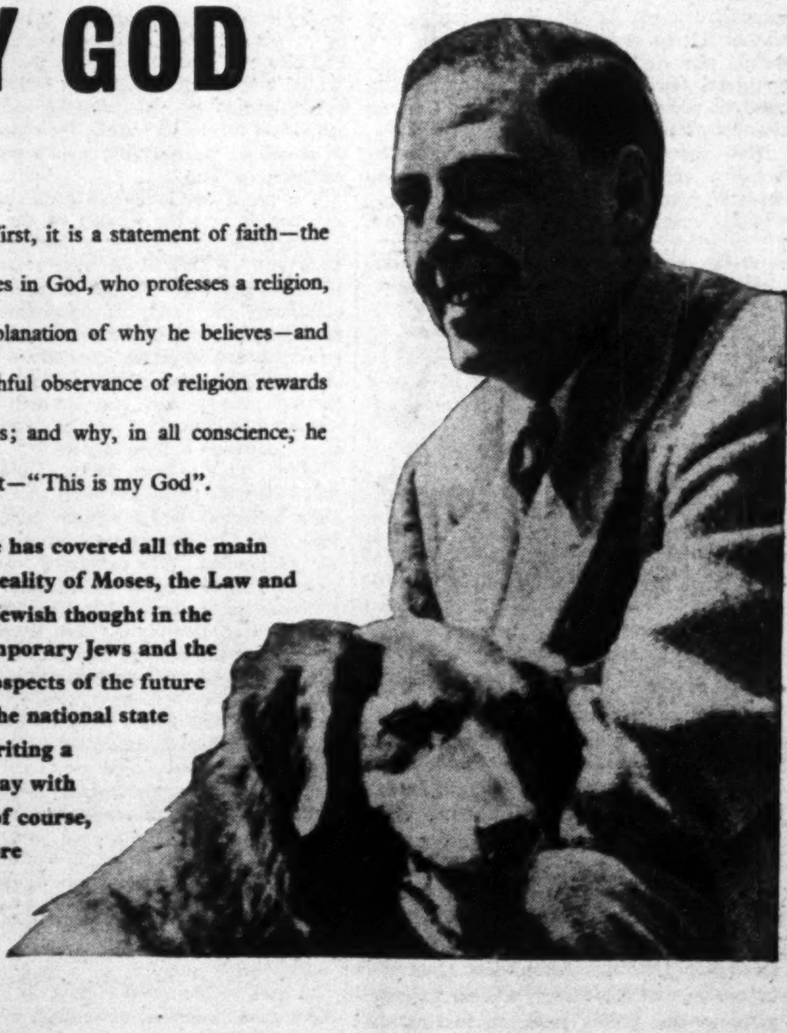

18s. Jonathan Cape

Victim of His Own Myth

Doctor Goebbels. By ROGER MANVELL and HEINRICH FRAENKEL. *Heinemann.* 30*s.*

Dr Josef Goebbels has achieved immortality as the arch propagandist. He is remembered as the one intellectual among the leading Nazis – the sophist who delighted in making the worse appear the better cause, the cynic who knowingly planned the Big Lie. I have long suspected that this contrast between the fanaticism of Hitler and the cold-blooded professionalism of Goebbels had little foundation in fact. Now the first adequate biography, compiled by two diligent investigators, has confirmed this suspicion. Roger Manvell and Heinrich Fraenkel prove quite conclusively that, though Goebbels was a good deal more intelligent, cultured and courageous than his main rival, Heinrich Himmler, he was no whit less fanatical. Both men were intellectuals *manqués*, who resolved their spiritual problem by becoming credulous, cranky and superstitious disciples of Adolf Hitler and worshipping him as a man-god. Goering, who remained to the end an ex-officer, an ex-gentleman and an old-fashioned nationalist, found their anti-semitism and their vegetarianism equally distasteful. But he specially detested the little doctor, recognising him as a true revolutionary, a Brown Bolshevik, resentfully determined to destroy the bourgeois Jewish world that had not recognised his talents and replace it with a German socialist paradise.

The lesson of this book is that the Hitler-worship, which inspired Josef Goebbels to die a Wagnerian hero's death in the bunker, was his chief deficiency as a propagandist. The propagandist must always retain his objectivity and a certain detachment in his attitude to the cause he is putting across. Indeed, what distinguishes him from the politicians for whom he works is that they believe their propaganda, whereas he doesn't. In this sense, Goebbels was not a professional propagandist but a professional politician. His originality and his power derived from the fact that he was one of the first to see the importance of political indoctrination in an age when the masses have lost their belief in God and their faith in a religious creed, and are ready to see them replaced by a belief in a leader and faith in an ideology.

Like Hitler, whose silver voice he became, he saw that political warfare, whether it is waged between parties in parliament or between nations, is not a matter of rational argument or even of rational confrontation between conflicting ideas. The propaganda war is not an argument between minds but a battle for souls. Far more than the Communists – who in this respect remain old-fashioned rationalists – Goebbels realised that psychological warfare is concerned with the single problem of loyalty: how to inspire your own side to put loyalty above self-interest, how to persuade the other side to put self-interest above loyalty. He understood how to use the Big Lie which discredits the enemy leadership, whether in domestic politics or in war, through guilt by association. He had also mastered the infinitely more difficult art of emotionally binding a whole people to its leaders by indoctrinating millions of individual souls with exactly the right mixture of sacrificial mass-loyalty, greedy group-hope and personal fear.

The proof of Goebbels's genius as an indoctrinator was the morale of the German people from the Normandy landings in June 1944 until VE Day, eleven months later. True, the allies had made his job easier for him by combining the policy of unconditional surrender with a brutal and senseless use of air power, which together created a spirit of desperate resistance. Nevertheless, both the German Army and the German civilians displayed a miraculous fortitude and an awe-struck devotion to their leaders.

What was the secret which enabled Hitler and Goebbels to inspire such a devotion in their followers which a free people never feels for its politicians, its generals – or even for its liberties? We can learn part of the answer from this book. In a democracy, control over the media of indoctrination is carefully and consciously divided. Even in wartime we are subjected to varied and conflicting persuasions, which create doctrinal rifts and conflicts of loyalty. In a totalitarian state, control of these media is centralised. Propaganda is only one aspect of a single ideological imperative, which exerts its discipline continuously throughout every aspect of the nation's life. Obedience – even awareness of any other loyalty – to the home, to the Church, to science or art, is made an act of treason. In this way millions of decent, not very brave, individuals are inspired to die a hero's death in defence of dishonourable causes and discreditable leaders.

Goebbels's strength as a political leader was that he shared the illusions of his followers and he was spellbound by his own myth. But this meant that he was a naive propagandist when he was speaking to anyone except Germans. Like the editor of any British popular newspaper, he worked by instinct, not by reason, and his directives were based not on any careful analysis but on hunch. That his foreign propaganda was always crude and often ridiculous is hardly surprising when we realise that, apart from a few days in Geneva, one official visit to Greece and another to Fascist Italy, he never left Germany; nor did he ever learn a foreign language. His broadcasts to Britain (they included not only Lord Haw Haw but a Caledonian Peace Station and a Cockney workers' programme, both of vintage banality) became the talk of the free world. But there is little doubt that their chief effect was to raise the morale of those whose spirits they were designed to break. Against Communist Russia his failure was equally spectacular. Indeed, his sole foreign success was the 'black' operation with which he preceded the invasion of France in 1940.

Apart from the cinema, which they deal with in detail, the authors show little interest in Nazi propaganda techniques. Yet this biography is essential to understanding their development. Here for the first time are extracts from the maudlin diary he wrote as an unsuccessful journalist of 28, as well as any number of anecdotes which Mr Fraenkel has personally collected from the men who worked, and the women who slept, with the lame yet potent little doctor. It is not the authors' fault if, despite their careful documentation, Josef Goebbels still appears not as a real person but as a synthetic stage character, the over-played villain of a billion-dollar film. The trouble is that he lived himself out of his real ambitions as a young author and into the Wagnerian myth which Hitler and he together created. Other Nazi leaders fled because they had something to live for. Goebbels could only die for the crazy legend with which he had indoctrinated a whole people.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

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FABER

A Practical Critic

The Truest Poetry. By LAURENCE LERNER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 18*s.*

Mr Lerner is a lecturer in English at Belfast, and has published a novel and a book of poems. His new book is an essay on the usefulness of various theories of literature to writers, critics and readers. It seems to me to be excellent, and I would say that it is the most interesting new critical essay that I have read for some years.

After a preliminary discussion of the difficult boundaries of literature (what is involved, for example, in reading Plato's *Republic* as literature?), Mr Lerner discusses three propositions: that literature is knowledge, that it is the expression of emotion, and that it is rhetoric (in the sense of an essential affective nature). He then considers more briefly the theory that literature is communication (he takes this rather narrowly, in its most obvious sense), and discusses configurationist theory (from analogy with the visual arts) and definitions of literature in terms of a tradition, with special reference to the doctrine of imitation. From these preliminary discussions, the argument that emerges is between cognitive and emotive descriptions, and he follows this through Richards and Valéry, and tests it in notes on sentimentality and on the novel. He concludes with his title-chapter, asking in what sense 'the truest poetry is the most feigning', and distinguishing a tension between two types of theory and two types of literature – basically cognitive and aesthetic – which he believes to be valuable.

Mr Lerner's handling of his complicated theoretical material is acute and illuminating though he is no theoretician himself and in respect of theory his book is quite inconclusive. Essentially he is a practical critic, but of the second generation. Richards, of course, had an explicit theory, but Leavis has tended to discourage theoretical discussion, though it is impossible to read him without seeing his governing theoretical position form. Mr Lerner takes for granted, I am sure quite rightly, that in any case, whether we know it or not, we use literary theory in writing, judging and reading. He then takes the theories in ordinary circulation, and tests them in critical readings, to see whether their approaches and terms are useful. Most of this running criticism is very good indeed, and it ranges widely, from Donne, Wordsworth, Valéry and Stevens to Dickens, Conrad, George Eliot and Malraux. The value of the book lies in this engaging critical discussion; in the end the theory is little more than framework, but the stimulation and clarification of the commentary are thoroughly worth having in themselves. The book lacks an index, and has a few bad misprints, but Mr Lerner writes so interestingly, combining directness, subtlety and wit, that the total impression is exceptionally pleasant and rewarding. I hope *The Truest Poetry* will be widely read.

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

A Sicilian Killing

A Voice from the Cell. By SAVERIO MONTALTO. *Hutchinson.* 15s.

The author of this book is a veterinary surgeon who, after many family trials and years of quarrelling, broke out and shot his sister dead and wounded his wife and his brother-in-law. He spent some months in prison writing this extraordinary statement of the causes of the tragedy. He acted (he said) in self-defence and he appears to have been acquitted but to have remained under surveillance either in prison or an asylum from 1940 to 1944. The document has been published in Alberto Moravia's review *Nuovi argomenti* and is an example of the kind of episode southern Italy and Sicily provide so abundantly for Italian writers. One cannot doubt the genuineness of the narrative, for it is artless, obsessed, garrulous, pitiable and even at times fussily absurd, and the reader is left, as real life does leave one, to interpret the facts as he likes.

One is struck most by the assumptions of the writer in this case and by what he takes for granted in Sicilian life. Essentially his is the screaming, shouting, accusing lower-middle-class world of the realistic (not the romantic) Verga. Instead of his words about love, honour and death, we listen to interminable family backbiting about failing drapery businesses, unmarriageable girls, hungry in-laws, endless debts and hysterical scenes about a few hundred lire. Sex is money. Cash and hunger are the obsessions of the Mediterranean. People are continually threatening to drown themselves in it. As a veterinary surgeon with a safe state job, Saverio Montalto was automatically the trapped provider for a whole string of relations, draining himself of money and his house of food, all slandering at doors and windows and playing on one another's nerves.

The reader can make what he likes out of Signor Montalto's chief passion, his passion for his sister, which was the cause of his disaster. She married a domineering and sponging braggart, who was after what little money she had, against her brother's will, and suffered at once for it. To protect this sister living in a hostile family Signor Montalto marries his sister-in-law. When he is goaded into madness at the end, it is the beloved sister whom he kills when he empties his revolver at random into the family. If there is unconscious jealousy at work here, the author does not know it, and indeed his account is interesting only for its descriptions of immediate sensations and not for what may be hidden beneath. In any case, Italians have a more violent surface life than northerners, and scorn introspection. Writing in prison, Signor Montalto is almost exalted by his act. He has no clear recollection of what he did but (he cries out) he has rescued his sister from a life of humiliation, starvation and beatings. Is he evading the fact that he was brought to the boil not so much by his sister's sufferings as by the supposed infidelity of his wife? Signor Montalto presents himself as a yielding character. His notion is that he is a little, timid rabbit who has married beneath him. Fear, he says, was the cause of it all. Until he gets to the point of the killing the document has the confusion of someone lost in the detail of his wrongs. Then it becomes astonishing. When he hears of his wife's infidelity, he speaks of 'a stranger' coming into his mind, accompanying him everywhere and talking to him; when he sees his wife, he start singing popular songs and inserting words like 'whore' in them and repeats or shouts when he is alone: 'No dowry, no class, no brains and unfaithful'. And although he is anxious that his 'shame' shall not be known to the neighbours, this does not prevent him from going out and singing the self-betraying song in the street. Everyone can see he is off his head. At the next crucial stage, the schizophrenic stranger vanishes and is replaced by a crushing 'iron grip' upon his head. He is now paralysed in everything except what must be his unconscious intention, for he has moved the fatal revolver into the sitting-room where it will be more available. In his nature, one part violently dramatises, the other creeps and crawls. And after the crime, he insists on writing his own statement, which takes weeks, instead of accepting the statement of the magistrates. Their statement is true but it does not, he says, do justice to the full story or reveal the full horror of that damnable family's humiliation of his sister, and he hopes she is effectively cursing them from the peace of the grave. The interest of the document lies in its naivety, its impenetrable egocentricity and its confusions; and though it tantalises, one is relieved for once to have a straight confession without any psychiatric appendix. One is relieved to see life wrong-headed and unexplained, and one admires once more the Italian instinct for dramatic story telling.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Our Medical Empire

Doctors Commons. By PAUL VAUGHAN. *Heinemann.* 18s.

Pressure Group Politics: The BMA. By HARRY ECKSTEIN. *Allen & Unwin.* 16s.

These are two very different books. Mr Vaughan is a chronicler, and his book is exactly what it says it is – a short history of the BMA. Originating in 1832 in a revolt of a handful of West country doctors against the snobbish predominance of the Royal Colleges in London, the Association has converted itself, in little more than a century, into the powerful national organisation that we know today. In the course of this history it can claim a good share of the credit for many important reforms – for the suppression of unqualified practice, for the elimination of the worst scandals of the Poor Law medical service, for the establishment of the Royal Army Medical Corps in place of the previous chaotic medley of regimental surgeons. It has exposed the preposterous claims of patent remedies and agitated, at long last successfully, for a statutory obligation upon the vendors of any proprietary medicine to specify the ingredients on the label. In the course of this history, also, the BMA has thrown up a number of representatives of that distinctive species – the doctor who prefers political engineering, propaganda or medical journalism to the practice of his profession – such as

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"by any standard and for all time, a superb novel."

GEORGE MILLAR, D. EXPRESS

MRS. BRIDGE by Evan S. Connell (HEINEMANN 15/-)

(not to mention Dr Charles Hill) the redoubtable Dr Ernest Hart who edited the *British Medical Journal* from 1867 to his death in 1898 and supported so many good causes with such vehemence that *Punch* suggested he be renamed Dr Earnest Heart.

All this is recorded by Mr Vaughan; but for some reason it does not make such good reading as it should. Perhaps Mr Vaughan is too obviously impressed, or not sufficiently selective, in the choice of what he admires. Two full pages of his 'short history' are devoted to a description of the ceremonial opening of the Association's present headquarters in Bloomsbury, though this seems to have been exactly like any other royal opening; and although Mr Vaughan has faithfully reported the BMA's 'pitched battles' against the government during the legislative incubation of the National Health Service Act, he nevertheless contrives to conclude his book with the observation that 'if the BMA had done nothing else but play a small part in making the National Health Service possible, then the "great experiment" started by Charles Hastings 127 years ago would have to be reckoned a success.' You would think that it had all been the BMA's own idea.

Professor Eckstein's concern, on the other hand, is with the art – or should one say the science? – of pressure group politics; and he is interested in the BMA only as a case study. About a quarter of his book is devoted to an extremely valuable discussion of a branch of political science which certainly deserves, and is beginning to enjoy, a good deal of attention. In this he shows how the pattern and the shape of governmental and of private group structures and activities act and react upon one another. In our tight little island, for example, in contrast to the United States, pressure groups tend to be 'monolithic' and national in scope. Pressure must also be applied where it is likely to be effective – which means that in this country, again in contrast to the United States, Parliament is no longer important: it is the minister and the department that count. Then again, pressure groups are likely to flourish where political differences are not too formidable. If a government is felt to be utterly detestable, people try to get rid of it (either by violence or by going into politics in the ordinary sense) rather than waste their energies in trying to persuade it to do this instead of that. In Professor Eckstein's view the remarkable influence of the BMA and similar bodies in Britain is in no small measure due to the absence of fundamental disagreement in British politics – a consensus by which, incidentally, he is much impressed.

Against this theoretical background Professor Eckstein then tells the story of the BMA's contacts with government, more particularly in the ten years from the publication of the Beveridge Report to the Danckwerts award of 1952. His account is detailed and well documented: indeed his success in uncovering informal as well as formal contacts, and his sensitivity to the significance of different levels of conferences, lunchings and telephone conversations is quite remarkable. If at times it seems difficult to see the wood for the trees, we can console ourselves with the thought that that difficulty must have appeared no less formidable to the principals in Professor Eckstein's narrative than it does to his readers.

Although the BMA 'has lost all the crucial disputes over medical policy in which it has engaged in this century', yet on most questions of detail or administration it has been victorious. Today the Ministry of Health would hardly venture to move a comma in a Statutory Instrument relating to a medical subject without consulting, if not indeed getting the agreement of, the BMA; and this is typical of the contemporary processes of government in nearly all fields. How then should we regard such a development of pressure group politics? Notwithstanding the title that he has chosen for his book (which has, I think, an unfortunate flavour), Professor Eckstein does not go all the way – indeed he does not go far – with those who look with horror on the rise of these new 'anonymous empires', seeing in them a threat to the very essence of democratic government. On the contrary, he leaves us with the comforting conclusion that the 'influence of private groups is greatest when, from the standpoint of democratic values, it matters least whether it is great or small' – that is to say, in matters of detail, or in matters about which in principle we are all of one mind anyway.

Be this as it may, Professor Eckstein's book started a very long train of thought in one reader which travelled all the way from the BMA to the recent general election, and thence to the future of party government and of parliamentary institutions. In the past century political decision-making has passed from parliament to government, and, in a rather different sense, from the elector to his political party. These are enormous changes, and we have not yet adjusted our thinking to them, still less our political procedure. Blinded by traditional reverence for everything to do with parliamentary government, we are pastmasters at pretending that things are still what they were. And now perhaps they are on the move again. Can it be that the era of formal two-party government, even perhaps of party government altogether, has passed its zenith, and that we have to think out our concepts of democracy afresh, in terms of new and subtler differentiations and of a more realistic conception of the highly organised, highly specialised contemporary world? Professor Eckstein does not explicitly ask these questions, for they lie indeed far beyond the limits of the task that he has set himself; but his book has the merit of provoking them.

BARBARA WOOTTON

In the Caucasus

The Red Snows. By SIR JOHN HUNT and CHRISTOPHER BRASHER. *Hutchinson. 25s.*

The first mountaineers in the Caucasus were British, in the 1860's and 1870's; but John Hunt's in 1958 was the first British expedition for over twenty years. Owing to Hunt's immense prestige ('The greatest salut for Sir John from lady Alla' ran the note left, with fresh food and fuel, by some Ukrainian mountaineers at one of their camp sites), the party was allowed to choose its own climbs. This was a rare freedom – a Czech group which they met were rather bitter because they hadn't been allowed to decide a thing – since Russian mountaineering is highly organised, in huge sport camps run by trade unions, and climbers have to prove they have mastered one grade of difficulty before they can proceed to the next. Not even a Master of Sport has complete freedom of choice: he must fill in a form saying where he is going and with whom, and have it approved before he can start, and unless he is back by the control time, a rescue party will be out to see why: if he is considered to have acted wrongly, he may be demoted. There was a tricky moment when, after a gruelling time on Jangi-tau, the British looked like being late on schedule: however, having an Olympic champion among them, they sensibly made use of him and Christopher Brasher was stripped of his gear and sent speeding down the glacier to clock in before the rescue squads got under way.

In their three weeks the nine members of the expedition, working mostly in parties of three or four, and sometimes accompanied by a Russian, did three major climbs, including a new route (by Mike Harris and George Band) on Dykh-tau, a mountain first climbed by Mummery. These are very well described, by Brasher and Band, and show how much tougher the Caucasus are than the Alps:

> This was the afternoon of our third day on the mountain and over that time we had hardly been able to relax for a single minute. The nervous strain was beginning to tell, and our tempers were not under such good control. Certainly I had never been on such a climb – a climb during which we were entirely dependent on ourselves. There were no support parties as in the Himalaya and, yet, this one rib was as long as two climbs on the famous Brenva Face on Mont Blanc.

Yet for all the challenges of the mountains and the beauty of the flowery valleys, the outstanding experience for the British was just travelling, camping and climbing with Russians. They were splendidly prepared for by Eugene Gippenreiter to whom the book is dedicated: royally entertained at the vast Spartak camp; enthusiastically welcomed by all the other parties they ran across. They discovered that the best Russian climbers are very good indeed, though by our standards on the slow side, since they take bivouacking as a matter of course; that there, as here, a lot of

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WILLIAM GLYNNE-JONES

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climbers are scientists; that the really keen and expert can always manage two months' holiday; that Russian equipment is solidly good, if a bit old-fashioned – vibrams are unknown. They asked everybody about the expedition the Russians were reported (in Swiss papers) to have made to the north side of Everest in autumn 1952, and conclude that probably there was none; but that there likely will be one this year or next. When an Academy of Sciences group helped them get their gear over a river by pulley and sling; when Band, Blackshaw and a Kiev engineer shared an ice-cave on Ushba; when this same Anatoli and Band safeguarded each other up the north ridge of Shkara, links were being made of stuff more durable than rosy goodwill. Forged of shared enthusiasms and experiences, they were tough enough to withstand the pressures and tensions of the world beyond the Caucasus. For all these strenuous but light-hearted events took place in the weeks when Nuri was murdered in Baghdad, and American marines were landing in the Lebanon.

JANET ADAM SMITH

Why Autobiography?

Back View. By HAROLD MORRIS. *Davies.* 25*s.*

Demi-Paradise. By JASPER ROOTHAM. *Chatto & Windus.* 18*s.*

The Childhood Land. By WILLIAM GLYNNE JONES. *Batsford.* 16*s.*

The Good Light. By KARL BJARNHOF. *Methuen.* 16*s.*

'Triggy Dykes (Major H. B. Ballantyne-Dykes, DSO, of the Scot Guards DAAG) was a generous man, but he know nothing at all about cigars.' So begins one of the multitudinous anecdotes in Sir Harold Morris's autobiography, and it makes me want to scream shrilly into Sir Harold's ear: 'But I don't care!' Without wanting to give gratuitous offence, I must ask why the general reader should be expected to take an interest in a series of disconnected stories about the inhabitants of Guards' messes, Law Chambers, Clubs and Courts? '. . . Boy Brooke (Lt-General Sir B. N. Sergison-Brooke, KCB, KCVO, CMG, DSO) . . . and I rode over to HQ of 2nd Guards Brigade where Budget Lloyd (General Sir Henry Lloyd, KCB, KCVO, DSO, MC) was Brigade Major, and Oliver Lyttelton (Viscount Chandos) was Staff Captain . . .' This paragraph, in a longer form, precedes a mild four-line joke demonstrating that newly arrived subalterns were not accustomed to seeing vermin. It has nothing to do with anything that goes before or after it, and is obscure in itself. This is only the most easily quotable of hundreds: why write them? Why write the book at all? Surely the effort involved is disproportionate to what is communicated? One has no more idea of what it is like to be a successful QC after reading this book than before.

Nor, after reading Mr Jasper Rootham's book, does one have much idea of what it is like to be Mr Rootham. But this is hardly a criticism, for *Demi-Paradise* is more a loosely woven reflection on the themes of Beauty, Music, and the Social Animal than it is an autobiography. At least we learn something about what goes on in a mind like Mr Rootham's. The struggle to communicate is there, the questioning, the desire to relate separate experiences and find a common meaning; but the grasp of form is too weak, the essential coming-together of these isolated flashes of understanding never occurs.

Apart from the essential documents of history, the only real justification for writing autobiography is if the writer has something original to communicate and happens to see his own life story, or part of it, as an adequate vehicle for the task. Mr William Glynne Jones, recognising how irrelevant much of his experience is to his understanding, has chosen to limit himself to a handful of childhood days, which he treats in an almost fictional form. His is a world of children for whom the peripheral activities of the surrounding adults have only a passing relevance to the momentous events – the buying of a new football, a terrifying ride on a 'boneshaker' – which give meaning to the unchanging days. I cannot say, in a sentence, what it is that Mr Glynne Jones has distilled from this apparently haphazard collection of incidents, but whatever it is I've got it now, and I hadn't got it before I read his book.

Possibly because the very idea of the solitariness of the blind is so terrifying, Karl Bjarnhof's second volume of autobiography is in a class of its own. Perhaps it would have been anyway. The author, now a distinguished broadcaster and journalist, and a well-known 'cellist, has been totally blind since his late teens. In this book he tells of his experiences as a half-blind adolescent in a home for the blind; of how the world expanded for him as he discovered first music and then, through his friendship with a young painter, the other arts; of his desire to be accepted by the 'sighted world' which he gradually began to enter, and how finally he realised that, almost without his noticing it, total blindness had crept up and sealed him off from 'the good light' for ever. It is impossible to convey the immediacy of contact between writer and reader that is achieved here: it is almost as if the words were not there, as if the blind author were employing some sixth sense to force the reader to *know*, without question, what it was like to be this boy, in this place, at this time, gazing longingly out at this fading world of light. This is what autobiography is: a form of giving.

JEREMY BROOKS

New Novels

The Ballad of Peckham Rye. By MURIEL SPARK. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

Shade of Eden. By KATHLEEN SULLY. *Davies.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Captain Cat. By ROBERT HOLLES. *Joseph.* 15*s.*

Ritual in the Dark. By COLIN WILSON. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

This Sporting Life. By DAVID STOREY. *Longmans.* 16*s.*

Miss Spark's engaging picaresque charlatan of a hero, Dougal Douglas, fairly spanks her coltish new novel along. He cavorts, jives, rocks, bamboozles, postures, perverts and disdains until he's unnerved the whole community of Peckham Rye. Coming as an Arts Man to do Personnel for a textile firm he ends up working simultaneously for a rival concern, undermining several affairs of the heart and precipitating a *crime passionnel*. Deformed by a high shoulder he adds Byronic paranoia to the inventive malice of a Till Eulenspiegel. All fall, for or because of him – including Merle Coverdale, head of Typing Pool, Miss

The West Point Atlas of American Wars

The first comprehensive map-and-text American military history ever published, it contains maps in 3 and 4 colours and a concurrent text tracing every important battle and campaign in which American forces have participated from 1689 to the Korean War. A magnificent example of map-making, unparalleled in military or historical literature, this work is destined to become a classic.

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The first translation into English of a Russian general's views on the rôles of science and technology in possible future warfare, this book examines Soviet military theory on not only the advantages and disadvantages of long-range ballistic missiles but also the merits of the alternative strategic weapons; earth satellites, balloons and long-range bomber aircraft.

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This important work examines both the principles and the machinery through which the complex structure of defence planning and national strategy is formulated. The author endeavours to establish fundamental criteria for dealing with the probable future situation where our armed forces will know all about the mechanics of their weapons but nothing about the consequences of their use.

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ATLANTIC BOOKS
STEVENS & SONS

Belle Frierne, his landlady (who once had an experience with a Highlander's kilt, but survived that), Trevor Lomas, the top local Teddy, and Mr Druce, the world-sad, wife-spurned managing director. Such a character might easily have blotted out the rest of the novel; but Miss Spark's almost fierce sense of human variety provides a crowd of solid, distinct and stingingly funny minor oafs as well as the delicious company of Dawn Waghorn, cone-winder, Annette Wren, trainee-seamer, Elaine Kent, process-controller and Odette Hill, uptwister. Dougal arrives, prevails, then departs for Africa to sell tape-recorders to witch-doctors. The bridegroom who said No burst into the affirmative, and at least a Chaucerian normality is restored. Miss Spark has a deadly ear for the banalities of daily chatter and a tender sense of human hesitancy. Immaculately planned, the novel foams with life and the style is cunningly offhand. It's all rather slight; but Miss Spark was due for one like this, making the ridiculous irresistible.

Shade of Eden is all undemonstrative intensity. A pity, because this frugal sketch of a futile *ménage à trois* shows enough of frigid prurience and lewd prudes to make one burn to know what goes on inside Eddie, the mousy schoolteacher, Bette, his unsatisfied wife who rides the garden-swing by moonlight, and Cliff, the salesman interloper. The quarrels pack a constant vituperative punch, especially those of another couple – a nonchalant frost of a wife and her brittle, ungentle John – who supply counterpoint in behaviour, but not in psychology.

Mr Holles does a perfect Salinger. Harry Bell, a young army apprentice, recalls the lousy training camp at Harlingford and his loused-up friendship there with 'Gangster' Boone, a clever misfit parked in the army for knocking up his tart and destined for an exit lousier than most. Not a book for the squeamish, *Captain Cat* brilliantly captures the aimless verbal violence of plebeian and military complaint: 'Loving thy neighbour as thyself is all very well as long as your neighbour doesn't happen to be a thieving, arse-crawling, snot-gobbling bastard like Coster'. On it goes, the livid effing-and-blinding prompted by the codified imbecilities of the military way. Harry and Boone form their own elite, the 'Indes' (independent, inner-directed) to condemn the perfidious, sadistic, crass world of Turkey, the 'Sah!'-screaming sergeant, Joicey who rides on Horse Chadwick's sodomite shoulders, Freddie Palmer with a navel big as an egg-cup; of crumpet, jankers, dark rituals of polishing, whitewashing and doubling. Harry soon conforms, an incipient lord of flies, but never quite loses his foul-minded, instinctive charity. A moving, spitting and unexaggerated book, *Captain Cat* is also dementedly funny, enough to send you (as Harlingford says) pale as a pox-doctoring turnip or give a statue the bellyache.

I had hoped Mr Wilson's hero wouldn't be a cerebral young Shavian cycling between the British Museum and seedy lodgings. Vain hope: *Ritual in the Dark*, blurbless but long, traces a young intellectual's bizarre relationship with Austin Nunne, a wealthy homosexual aesthete who picks him up at a Diaghilev exhibition. Through Nunne, who's another Jack the Ripper on the side, Sorme, the quasi-hero, comes to know a bed-ridden worldly priest, a frigid Jehovah's Witness aunt of Nunne's and her niece (both of whom he seduces) and a misanthropic painter infatuated with a girl of twelve. There is also a crazy octogenarian, himself a connoisseur of the disembowelling sport. Sorme, an egotistic Genet-Faust figure, keeps spouting or musing on Nijinsky, Sade, Shaw and other familiars. About to take a girl he suddenly hears a phrase from Sibelius's Third; Nunne, the Ripper-Superman, gives him vicarious kicks and a pretext for Nietzschean philosophising; he turns against his murderous hero only because 'I didn't realise then that he was mad. I thought he wanted to express revolt against the way things are nowadays'. I'm afraid this farrago of vision and vastation, chips and psychopathology, self-regarding sexuality and Victorian earnestness amounts to either an exorcising self-parody on Mr Wilson's part or a limply satanic obeisance to Dostoevsky.

Novels by people with intimate knowledge of little-probed callings are always welcome if as articulate and illuminating as Mr Storey's portrait of a Rugby League star. Arthur Machin, thoughtful but awkward, lumbers through the elations of eventual stardom, seeking an antithesis to brutish prowess and his growing realization that all – skill, fame, lust, even tenderness – diminishes in its very flourishing. He searches and learns: no more. Some stilted conversations apart ('But just how low can you grovel?') the long account of his exacerbating affair with his widowed landlady is moving and unforced. And the whole ethos of glum Northern town, the steaming byre of the shower-room, the mud savagery and the backroom mish-mash of fees, selectors and hangers-on, comes throbbingly alive.

PAUL WEST

Week-end Competition

No. 1,567 **Set by Buzfuz**

The usual prizes are offered for an extract from one of the following poems: 'To Lucasta, on returning from the wars' (Lovelace), 'I have been unfaithful to thee, Cynara' (Dowson), 'If Not' (Kipling), 'La Belle Dame Avec Merci' (Keats), 'The Peace Song of Dinas Fawr' (Peacock), or 'Wealthy Knife-Grinder' (Canning). Limit 16 lines; entries by 15 March.

Result of No. 1,564 **Set by Red Setter**

The usual prizes are offered for a duologue embodying a Leap Year proposal and its acceptance or rejection, in the manner of any one of the following: an Elizabethan dramatist, Sheridan, Henry James, Oscar Wilde, John Osborne, an American musical. Limit 14 lines or 150 words.

Report

Most competitors backed Wilde in spite of the difficulty of reproducing his elusive and featherweight wit; L. W. Bailey must be quoted:

> LANE: Mr Moncrieff's instructions, Sir, are always to keep last year's calendar on the wall as a protest against the rush of modern life.

Trooper Jones produced a most spirited pastiche of the minor Elizabethans. He earns two guineas, as does A. M. Sayers for a splendid James. One guinea each to the others printed. Close behind came Martin Fagg, Gloria Prince, Martin Robertson, L. F. Peachey, Alberick, John Welch, E. J. Barton, Thomas Hill and R. Kennard Davis.

ELIZABETHAN DRAMATIST

VOLUMINA: . . . O pretty youth, O super-dainty youth!
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls
Are meat for lusty bawds. By God, I'll have him.
SLENDER: Save you, fair lady. Keep you comfortable.
VOLUMINA: Marry, so I mean, sweet Joseph, in thy bed.
Myself am moved to woo thee for my husband.
SLENDER: Now, by Dian, I am too young for you.
VOLUMINA: Out, whey-face! You are as a tallow candle,
The better part burnt out. Virginity
Is but the cowish terror of thy spirit
That dares not undertake. Your self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use.
MADAM TRULL: Whip thee, gosling. 'Tis a cold thing, a very stockfish.
VOLUMINA: I must needs have him with a codpiece then . . .
Nay, by the Mass, he's fled

(From *Tis Pity He's a Stockfish*, by Beaumont sans Fletcher)

TROOPER JONES

NARROW ESCAPE OF HENRY JAMES'S HERO

And though I was in understandable dubiety as to what – when she Oh! so beseechingly whispered, 'Could you conceivably, do you think, bring yourself to consider a very delicate proposition?' – she was precisely 'up to'; the, alas, so wary bachelor in me, ignoring the innocuous possibility of, let us say, a dinner party, precipitately took fright and, one cautious eye on the calendar, uttered with sudden firmness the pardonable exaggeration – 'I deeply regret that I should find myself *in every imaginable way* at present, dear lady, "*booked up*"!'

A. M. SAYERS

JOHN OSBORNE

JIMMY: Well, go on. Say something, even if you are dull-witted. Why not tell us it's Leap Year? Or how about 'It's a nice day'? (*He goes irritably to the window. It is a nice day. Disappointed, he swings round savagely. Alison is staring down at her ironing*).

CLIFF: (*uneasily*) Be civilised, can't you?

JIMMY: (*ignoring him*) Well, haven't you thought of a remark yet?

ALISON: (*still without looking up*) Cliff.

CLIFF: Yes.

ALISON: Take me away from here, will you?

CLIFF: (*puzzled*) Take you away? What do you mean? Where?

ALISON: Anywhere. With you. Back to your digs if you like.

JIMMY: (*looking from one to the other, gives a bark of laughter*) Ha! Didn't I say it was Leap Year? She'll demand a new gown if you refuse.

CLIFF: (*indignantly*) She needs one badly enough.

ALISON: I mean it, Cliff.

CLIFF: And I am not going to refuse.

J. A. LINDON

AMERICAN MUSICAL

SHE: Even ladies who've a yen to
Usually must wait for men to
Ask them if they'll honour and obey.
But each Leap Year Day gals choose men,
Ask them to be rice and shoes men,
As I'm asking you to name the day.

HE: Wonderful Leap Year! I have lost sleep dear,
Figuring how to reveal
What's in my heart, dear. We'll never part, dear,
After those wedding bells peal.

SHE: Let's phone the preacher. He'll give us each a
Blessing to take along.

BOTH: Storks will come winging. They'll find us singing
Our Wonderful Leap Year Song.

D. R. PEDDY

City Lights

Done Expressly

For years on end they kicked the animal; then, individually and furtively, they began to slip it made-up gobbets of the left-overs; now even those who took care to be furtive at second hand are worried about its growing appetite for blood; the influence on the City of the popular press is increasing alarmingly. It is doubtful, for example, whether last week's little local incident in the gilt-edged market would have created quite such an uproar if the *Express*, storming through the bars and coffee-houses, had not decided to make a City Panic its main lead; and the power of the popular press is well illustrated by the unanimous length at which other newspapers chose to explain away the panic they had overlooked on the following day. What had happened was simply this – that the government broker had cut the price at which he was ready to buy a key stock, that the gilt-edged market had promptly lowered prices all round, and that the industrial market, worried about Wall Street and caught off the hop in the afternoon by the fuss in a market which it regards as both important and incomprehensible, had lowered its prices a little in turn.

This description, of course, is as misleadingly dull as the rush of emigrants to Ellis Island was colourful. The banks hold various assets to match their deposits, which are their liabilities to customers: some conventionally regarded as easily convertible into cash (call money and bills), and some (investments and advances) which are conventionally pushed into another pigeon-hole. To demonstrate that they can always comfortably meet any possible demand for cash, the banks have to hit upon some conventional minimum ratio of liquid assets (cash, call money and bills) to total liabilities; the minimum they have hit upon, and which Grandma insists they stick to, is 30 per cent. The government is usually borrowing so hard from the banks to finance its expenditure that they have no difficulty in preserving this minimum; but in the first three months of the year, when everybody is paying tax bills and transferring cash from the banks to the Exchequer, the government can squeeze the banks almost as hard as it likes. If the banks are squeezed in their liquidity ratio, they will try to reduce their liabilities – either by cutting down advances or by selling investments.

Advances have been rising very rapidly now for more than 18 months, and Grandma has given at least two public warnings recently that she would like to see a slackening. The banks, however, have gone on lending, and the increase in advances during February – a month when people are borrowing to pay their tax bills – was regrettably steep; liquidity being what it is at this time of year, the banks had to sell gilt-edged on a sizeable scale. When the banks begin to sell gilt-edged, neither the jobbers in the stock market nor the long-stop in the discount market can do much about it: the only person who can afford to buy is the government broker, buying on behalf of various government departments. If the banks are merely switching from one stock to another, or selling a little, or buying a little, he is happy both to oblige and to see that they deal at something near the prices quoted by a Lilliputian market which cannot possibly handle them. But heavy net sales by the banks are unpopular. The govern-

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dance
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CHARLES CRAIG
sings excerpts from "Cavalleria Rusticana"

THE ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA
conducted by
ANATOLE FISTOULARI

WEDNESDAY 9th MARCH AT 8.25P.M.

ASSOCIATED-REDIFFUSION

Television from London, Monday to Friday.

ment broker must accept them for fear of throwing the gilt-edged market and the whole monetary machine into chaos, yet at the risk of making nonsense of the government's financial policy. Last week, after several days of heavy bank selling absorbed at something near the going market price, the government broker discreetly lost patience and informed the market that his buying price would now be a point lower.

The reaction was a mixture of puzzlement and Cassandra-cries about the gilt-edged market, and it is difficult to see how the touch of drama – presumably Grandma's misreading of Radcliffe – can have benefited anyone. One trouble seems to be that Grandma is bemused by her own expertise. She has now evolved a fine art of smoothing, ensuring that chance fluctuations in the money market do not disturb the delicate working of the machinery; but she also remembers from time to time that the fly-wheel must not forget itself, that the tail must be allowed to wag the dog, that her own dominance in the market must not be allowed to obscure the operation of market forces; then the trouble begins, especially when she remembers it with a dramatic start. The system would be highly developed if Grandma would admit its complete artificiality and her own complete responsibility; in the money market, where she has reluctantly admitted it, the discount houses now live by studying her grimaces and she can move short rates up or down with the merest twitch of an eyebrow. But the gilt-edged market is supposed still to be independent; it is rather clumsy of Grandma to underline her hints with a threat to our lusty competitive banks which everybody knows she cannot carry into effect.

Company News

It is easy to stick to outsanding results this week. *Unilever*, with bigger sales and better margins, has increased its group profit by nearly a quarter; the English half, despite an earlier warning, has raised its dividend from the equivalent of 14 to 22¼ per cent. *Jaguar* has announced a profit 122 per cent higher after tax, and the only market disappointment was that its dividend merely doubled: it is still well over ten times covered by earnings. *Hoover*, with a 50 per cent increase in sales despite price cuts has increased its net profit before tax from £2.4m to £5.5m and raised its dividend from 60 to 90 per cent, with a 1-for-1 scrip-issue promising still more to come. *Albright and Wilson* may not be up to the *Monsanto* performance, with profits up from £5.4m to £6.9m, but the second half year turned out better than expected and the *ICI* optimists will not be disappointed.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 538. To Reason Why

Such reasoning, surely, does (or ought to) prompt our every move on the chess board; and it certainly should be paramount in the teaching of the game. Much progress has undoubtedly been made on just such lines, and we are well rid of the days (not so very long ago) when most chess primers contained far too much unelucidated information, more or less indigestible for a fairly advanced player, let alone a beginner. What he requires is treatment in depth rather than width, and I dare say he was well served by some recent magazine pieces of Barden's and Clarke's urging the reader to test his own prowess after every move by finding the pertinent questions and proper answers arising for the next move. The very limits of such 'treatment in depth' are sought and reached in *A New Approach to Chess Mastery* by Fred Reinfeld (Hanover House, New York, $2.95). In the 168 pages of this book the author deals with a mere eight games, and not very long ones either. Yet, each of them is selected for its didactic value, and they are graded in the order of complexity, illustrating vital subjects such as rapid development, a plus in mobility, centre control by pawns and pieces respectively, attack via an open file etc. Each game has a chapter for itself, being first printed with the questions arising out of every move, and then reprinted with every question thoroughly answered. That way each of those brief games takes up to twenty pages, yet I dare say that a near-beginner after conscientiously ploughing through every line of the book should find his knowledge of the game and thereby his prowess substantially increased. I would be interested to know how such methods tally with readers' own experience in learning or teaching the game. Meanwhile, it might amuse them to find the fairly obvious questions and answers for Reinfeld's first and very simple choice, exemplifying how a master punishes a beginner for neglecting (and indeed obstructing) his development.

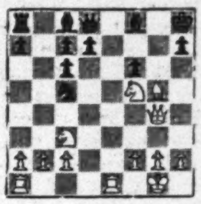
(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-QB3, Kt-KB3; (3) P-KB4, P-Q4; (4) BPxP, KtxP; (5) Kt-B3, Kt-QB3; (6) B-Q3??, P-KB4; (7) PxP e.p., KtxBP; (8) O-O, B-B4 ch; (9) K-R1, O-O; (10) B-Kt5, Kt-KKt5!; (11) BxKt, PxB; (12) P-Q4, B-Q3; (13) P-KR3, B-R3!; (14) PxKt, BxR; (15) QxB, RxKt!; (16) Q-K1, Q-R5 ch!!; (17) QxQ, R-B8 mate.

The last (and most complex) of Reinfeld's choices (Snosko-Borovski-Vajda, Budapest 1926) is significant for White's aggressive tactics in wriggling out of a theoretically lost game.

(1) P-Q4, P-Q4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-KB3; (3) P-B4, P-K3; (4) B-Kt5, P-B3; (5) KtB3, PxP; (6) P-K3, P-Kt4; (7) P-QR4, P-QR3; (8) Kt-K5, B-Kt2; (9) Q-B3, B-Kt5; (10) B-K2, Q-Q4!; (11) Q-B4, Q-K5!; (12) Q-Kt3!?!, Q-B7!; (13) O-O!, BxKt; (14) BxKt!, PxB (best); (15) KtxKBP!, KxKt; (16) B-R5 ch, K-K2; (17) Q-Kt7 ch, K-Q3; (18) QxB! (QxR?), BxKtP (best); (19) QxR, BxR; (20) PxP! (RxB?), BPxP; (21) RxB, Q-Kt7? [. . . R-Q1! would still win for Black]; (22) RxP ch!, KtxR; [Best since . . . K-B2?; (23) Q-R7 ch, K-B1; (24) Q-B5 ch would win for White]; (23) QxKt ch, K-Q2; (24) Q-Kt7 ch and draws.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White forced the win by one strong move. For 6 & 7 ladder-points **B**, a draw, and **C** a win, are famous 'classics', pretty and subtle alike. Usual prizes. Entries by 14 March.

A: W. A. Fairhurst 1924



B: Henri Rinck: /k7/ppK5/P7/8/B7/5b2/2R5/3q4/.

C: J. Behting: /24/1B6/6p1/8/4KPpp/3Kt2kr/.

REPORT ON NO. 534. SET 6 FEBRUARY.

A: (22) . . R-R4 ch!; (23) KxR; Q-R6 ch; (24) K-Kt5, P-R3 ch; (25) K-B4, P-Kt4 ch; (26) K-K5, Q-K3 mate.

B: (1) Kt-B3 ch, K-B5; (2) R-R5!, Q-KB8 (best); (3) R-R4! etc.

C: (1) P-Kt7, B-Q4; (2) P-R7, B-K3 ch; (3) B-B5!, P-B7; (4) K-Kt2, B-Q4 ch; (5) B-K4!, B-B5; (6) B-Q3!, B-Q4 ch; (7) K-B1, K-Kt2; (8) B-K4! etc

(5) K-B1? would be refuted by . . . B-B4!

A good many correct solutions. Prizes: E. Allan, J. W. Atkinson, R. M. Cameron, D. E. Cohen, C. Sansom. *In view of numerous requests for more time, close of entries for our International Study Competition has been extended from 29 February to 25 April.*

REPORT ON NO. 535. SET 13 FEBRUARY.

A: BxR leads to perpetual, but QxP ch wins.

B: (1) B-KB2!, B-K3!; (2) R-Kt6, B-Q4!; (3) R-Kt5, B-B5; (4) R-Kt4, B-Kt6; (5) R-Kt3, B-R7; (6) R-KB3, B-K2; (7) R-K3, B-Q3; (8) R-Q3, B-K2; 9) R-Q7, etc.

C: (1) Kt-B7 ch, K-Kt1; (2) P-R7, R-K3 ch; (3) K-Q1, R-K1; (4) Kt-Q6, R-Q1!; (5) Kt-B5!!, B-B1; (6) P-Kt6!, B-B4 (7) Kt-K7 ch, K any; (8) Kt-B8, RxKt; (9) P-Kt7, etc.

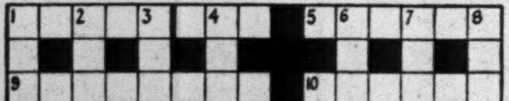
But not (5) P-Kt6?, B-Q5; (6) Kt-B8, RxKt; (7) P-Kt7, R-B8 ch!!, followed by . . . BxP and draws.

Bouquets for **B** and/or **C** Prizes: G. Abrahams, M. A. Anderson, R. C. Chaturvedi, J. Mitchell, A. J. Sobey. *While I am abroad (up to Easter) entries to be forwarded in time must reach the office by Monday afternoon.*

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 395

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 395, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 15 March.



ACROSS

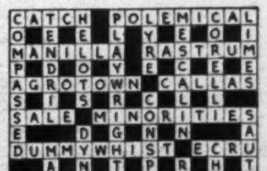
1. Cricketer for a film (5, 3).
5. 'The babbling —— of the air' *(Twelfth Night)* (6).
9. Wrecked family with birds on (8).
10. A number in time for a title (6).
11. The sailor in the berth is an explorer (5).
12. Tag by an antiquary showing a kind of country (9).
14. Where the servants are to be found deficient in the finest manners (5, 6).
18. Being helpful the film star had a meal about four (11).
21. An additional clause with protective cover for the villain (9).
23. Movement caught in a playwright (5).
24. Ask in before six and there is endless drink (6).
25. In making love give voice about the stars (8).
26. It is cowardly to cry out with a sound of pain (6).
27. Curiously I did lose although a favourite (8).

DOWN

1. Draw a line round hot part of Europe (6).
2. The feeder comes in most of the time to drink (6).
3. Place for those who want their money on board (9).
4. Am perhaps not sick before a party when there is this drink (11).
6. This is healthy but it puts a little weight on one (5).
7. Irregular and ill-assorted aid in getting up the harvest (8).
8. Eden is in the procession (8).
13. What sort of room is there for tory group victory with party united? (11).
15. The source of drudgery is half to study a philosopher (9).
16. Deficiency is a blemish on a community (8).
17. Court Satan as a disease of animals (8).
19. Comes back to life for clothes? (6).
20. Asked for what is laid in the layer (6).
22. In the open this proportion would be made work (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 393



C	A	T	C	H	■	P	O	L	E	M	I	C	A	L
O	■	E	■	E	■	L	■	Y	■	E	■	O	■	I
M	A	N	I	L	L	A	■	R	A	S	T	R	U	M
P	■	D	■	O	■	Y	■	E	■	C	■	E	■	E
A	G	R	O	T	O	W	N	■	C	A	L	L	A	S
S	■	I	■	S	■	R	■	C	■	L	■	L	■	■
S	A	L	E	■	M	I	N	O	R	I	T	I	E	S
E	■	■	■	D	■	G	■	N	■	N	■	■	■	A
D	U	M	M	Y	W	H	I	S	T	■	E	C	R	U
■	■	A	■	N	■	T	■	P	■	R	■	H	■	T
M	A	R	R	A	M	■	F	I	R	E	S	I	D	E
A	■	I	■	M	■	T	■	R	■	M	■	C	■	R
G	U	N	F	I	R	E	■	A	L	A	S	K	A	N
I	■	E	■	T	■	S	■	C	■	N	■	E	■	E
C	A	R	P	E	N	T	R	Y	■	D	E	N	I	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 393

A. G. Paterson (Glasgow)
K. E. Shaul (Penrith)
Lieut. M. Ruddle (Maidstone)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week. N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

INSTRUCTOR BRANCH, ROYAL NAVY

Applications are now invited for Short Service Commissions in the Instructor Branch of the Royal Navy. The primary requirement is for men of good personal qualities with degrees (or the equivalent) in Mathematics, Physics or Engineering, but graduates in Chemistry, Metallurgy, History, Geography or English will also be considered. An additional requirement exists for non-graduates with teaching qualifications.

Service in the Instructor Branch combines all the advantages of life in the Royal Navy - e.g., comradeship, travel, a wide variety of cultural and sporting activities, a high standard of living, responsibility, etc.: - with the opportunity to utilise scientific, technological and professional qualifications at all levels.

The work of the Instructor Officer is fundamental to the Fleet and covers the widest field of operational, technical and academic duties ashore and afloat, ranging from basic instruction to work on the latest developments in nuclear power and guided weapons. Instructor Officers are also the meteorologists of the Royal Navy.

Note also:

- Students in their final year may apply.
- Short Service Commissions are granted initially for 3, 4 or 5 years and may be extended up to 12 years.
- £465 tax free gratuity after a Short Service Commission of 3 years, and pro rata for longer.
- Starting pay is £584 p.a., rising to £693 p.a. after 1 year's service (£693 p.a. rising to £910 p.a. for 1st and 2nd Class Honours Graduates). This is augmented where appropriate by generous allowances, so that at the age of 30, a married Honours graduate could earn about £1,800.
- Service in the Instructor Branch qualifies for Burnham Scale increments, and may be recognised for the purposes of the Teachers' Superannuation Acts.
- Short Service Officers may apply for Permanent Commissions.
- Candidates must be British subjects, sons of British subjects, under 36 years old, and medically fit.

For further details apply to:
Director, Naval Education Service
(P/13),
Admiralty,
London, SW1.

Anglo-Continental School of English
33 Wimborne Road
BOURNEMOUTH

(Recognised as Efficient by the Ministry of Education)

HOLIDAY COURSES 1960

The above language centre for foreign students requires a number of additional part-time Teachers and Lecturers for its summer courses between 4 July and 17 September, 1960. Applicants must be prepared to take up their duties on either 4 July or 18 July, and all appointments will terminate on or shortly before 17 September.

Applications are invited from the following:

(a) Specialists in direct method English language teaching, including Speech and Conversation specialists.

(b) Linguists (German/French/Italian/Swedish), experienced in teaching English to elementary students.

(c) Lecturers: (American) - 'Life and Institutions of the United States'

(English) - 'English History: 19th Century', 'English History: 20th Century', 'English Literature: 20th Century', 'English Life and Institutions'.

Experience of working with Continentals will be an advantage, and all applicants should show evidence of initiative, energy and enthusiasm. The positions are well remunerated and assistance is offered in finding accommodation in Bournemouth. Preference will be given to male applicants, except in the case of Speech and Conversation specialists.

Applications, together with a recent photograph, should state qualifications and relevant experience of the candidate, and should be addressed to Richard S. Davis, above. Replies will be made during March and interviews will be arranged later in Bournemouth and London.

AT any age nothing is more important than the right career. Consult the Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire Street, London, W1. WELbeck 8017.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

DESIGN MAGAZINE
GRAPHIC DESIGNER

A young assistant designer with recent art-school training in graphic design is required, partly for work in DESIGN magazine and partly for general publicity. This is an excellent opportunity to gain experience. The starting salary will be according to age and experience in the range £535-£760 rising to £985. Three and a half weeks' holiday. Write for further information and an application form to the Establishment Officer, Council of Industrial Design, 28 Haymarket, SW1.

MOTIVATION RESEARCH

Women aged between 25 and 45 with a good standard of education and free to travel are wanted for a particularly interesting and varied type of interviewing.

A guaranteed amount of work will be offered to the right person provided she is fully mobile.

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UNIVERSITY of Adelaide. Lecturer in Psychology. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned appointment. The field is open, but preference may be given to a candidate whose special interest lies in experimental psychology. Salary scale: £A1,500 - 80 - £2,060, with superannuation on the FSSU basis. It is expected that this scale will be raised in 1961. Copies of the general conditions of appointment of lecturers in the University may be had on application to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, or to the Registrar. The Calendar of the University may be seen in the Library of any University which is a member of the AUBC; housing help is available, and any further information desired will be supplied on request to the Registrar. Applications, in duplicate and giving the information listed in the general conditions of appointment, should reach the Registrar, the University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia, not later than 31 March, 1960.

UNIVERSITY College of South Wales and Monmouthshire. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer or Lecturer in Economics, with special interests in Mathematical Economics or Economic Statistics, commencing, if possible, on 1 October, 1960. The appointment will be made at an appropriate point within the present salary scales: Assistant Lecturer, £700-£850; Lecturer, £900-£1,350-£1,650, plus FSSU benefits and Children's Allowances. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Cathays Park, Cardiff, to whom six copies of applications should be sent not later than 19 March, 1960.

WEST Sussex Education Committee. Hazelwick School, Crawley. Head of Science Department (salary in accordance with Burnham Report - allowance £330 p.a.) required at this existing secondary modern school (900 boys and girls) which occupies two modern blocks of buildings, and which will become grammar/modern from Sept. 1960, with full range of academic and technical courses leading to University Scholarship level. Appointment from Sept. 1960. Further details and application forms from Director of Education, County Hall, Chichester, on receipt of S.A.E.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

BBC requires two Senior News Assistants, Television, one based at Southampton and the other at Plymouth, to superintend and co-ordinate the work of the News Rooms in these areas, under general direction of Regional News Editor at Bristol. Duties: preparation, editorial production of and responsibility for area news programmes and for contributions to National news in both sound and vision. Holders of these posts should have professional journalistic experience in Press or broadcasting, keen news sense, sound editorial judgment and lively interest in imaginative development of broadcast news techniques. They should preferably have experience of control and deployment of News Staff. They will be required to be available for week-end duty on a rota basis. Knowledge of the area would be a considerable advantage; that based on Southampton comprises roughly East Dorset, Wiltshire, Hampshire, the Isle of Wight and West Sussex, while Plymouth will serve Devon, Cornwall and West Dorset. Salary £1,545 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,970 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.99 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires two Television Producers in Cardiff to devise, prepare and produce television broadcasts of all kinds intended primarily for the audience in Wales. The work calls for imaginative treatment of ideas in visual terms, practical ability to implement them efficiently and at speed, use and co-ordination of wide variety of programme material, and ability to acquire knowledge of techniques of television production as a whole. One post requires thorough knowledge of Welsh. Salary £1,545 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,970 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.106 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

ASSISTANT Director of Examinations (Modern Languages). Pensionable post in the Civil Service Commission, London, for man or woman (preferably under 35) with good honours degree in modern languages. Preference for German, Russian, or Spanish. University, school, or other teaching experience desirable; experience of examining, interviewing, or administration an advantage. Duties include discussion and preparation of examination papers from GCE to Final Honours level, administrative work concerned with recruitment, interviewing, talks to schools. Selection by interview in April. Starting salary according to experience and present salary on scale £1,110-£1,935. Teaching service may be aggregated with Civil Service for superannuation purposes. FSSU may count as qualifying service. Promotion possibilities within the Commission or to administrative work. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form quoting 5108/60. Closing date 18 March, 1960.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE Education Committee. Orton Hall School. Appointment of Resident Assistant House-mother. Lady with some home nursing experience required for the above residential post at the Orton Hall School, Orton Longueville, near Peterborough. Duties to commence 1 May, 1960. Salary scale £390 × £15 (2) × £20 (3) £480 per annum (less residential emoluments valued at £120 per annum). Applications by letter, stating age and experience to be accompanied be two testimonials, should be forwarded to the undersigned as soon as possible. Ian C. Currey, Director of Education, County Education Offices, Gazeley House, Huntingdon.

PART-time secretary for inventor three afternoons p.w. Intelligence and interest prefd to experience. WES. 1302.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

THE University of Sheffield. Department of Extramural Studies. Two Staff Tutors are required, with qualifications in the broad field of the Social Sciences - Economics, Industrial Relations, Sociology/Social Studies - or in other appropriate subjects, to take classes of trade-unionists (including day-release students), social workers and other Extramural and WEA students. Candidates should have a good honours degree. Salary on the scale £700 × 50 - 850 (Probationary Staff Tutor); £900 × 50 - 1,350 × 75 - 1,650 (Staff Tutor), with FSSU provision and family allowance. Grants towards removal expenses will be made. Applications (10 copies) by 26 March, 1960, to the Registrar, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Extra-Mural Department. Applications are invited for the post of Staff Tutor for North-Western Derbyshire with the salary and status of either Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in the University. Applicants should hold a good Honours degree in one of the following subjects: History, Geography, Social Studies, Philosophy, Politics. Salary scales per annum: Lecturer, £900 to £1,650; Assistant Lecturer, £700 to £850. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Initial salary and status according to qualifications and experience. Applications should be sent not later than 2 April, 1960 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE United Cambridge Hospitals and The Fulbourn and Riversfield Group Hospital Management Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker or Social Worker to be appointed jointly. The successful applicant will work in the joint psychiatric service at the Social Work Department of Addenbrooke's and Fulbourn Hospitals. The psychiatric service is comprehensive in its scope and covers the City of Cambridge and a large area in neighbouring counties. Whitley Council salary and conditions of service. Applications, stating age, education, qualifications and experience with names of three referees to the Secretary, The United Cambridge Hospitals, Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge, by 23 March, 1960.

NORTHUMBERLAND County Council invite applications for the post of Family Case Worker (Male or Female) with Social Science qualifications for intensive rehabilitation work with selected families. Salary £610 to £765 per annum. The post is pensionable and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience and the names of two referees, should be sent to County Medical Officer, County Hall, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1, as soon as possible.

URGENTLY reqd, qualified resident teacher for group of maladjusted children approx. ten children to a class. Burnham scale. Apply Principals, St Margaret's School, Stockland, nr Bridgwater, Som.

MAGDALEN College Club. Applications are invited for the post of Deputy Warden of this centre. The successful applicant's duties will include leadership of boys' side of mixed club, supervision of all age groups meeting here from Juniors to Old People's Club. Community and care work in the area and he should be capable of taking over the duties of the Warden in his absence. Salary from £600-£700 according to qualifications and experience and with annual increments of £25. Further details can be obtained from the Warden (to whom all applications should be made before 21 March) 83 Werrington St, NW1.

CITY of Birmingham. Housing Management Department. Assistant Matron required for Ruskin House Residential Hostel, St Mary's Row, Birmingham, accommodating up to 80 women. Salary £300 per annum plus quarters and full board. Pensionable. Medical Examination. Applications in writing, giving details of experience, etc., to J. P. Macey, Housing Manager, Bush House, Broad St, Birmingham, 1.

QUALIFIED Social Worker preferably male, experienced in Social Agency Administration, required by American Jewish Welfare Organisation, for appointment as Assistant to Director of Offices in Tunis. Excellent salary and working conditions. Apply giving complete details of qualifications and experience to Box 2698.

NORTHERN Sinfonia Orchestra requires a General Manager to take charge of its administration. Applications stating qualifications and experience should be addressed to: The Secretary, Killingworth Hall, Newcastle/Tyne, 12.

LONDON County Council. Chartered Librarians are invited to apply for positions of Librarian Grade III in the Education Library Service for full or half time appointments in schools. Salary scale £690-£940 (pro rata for half-time appointments); appointment above the minimum, if appropriate. Five day week. Full information and application forms from the Education Officer (Estab. 2/L), County Hall, SE1, returnable by 12 March, 1960.

FABER & Faber req. a part-time female filing clerk available all day Mondays & Wednesdays, & perhaps Friday afternoons. Typing useful but not essential. Apply Production Manager, 24 Russell Sq, WC1.

SENIOR BRANCH OF THE FOREIGN SERVICE

GRADES 7 AND 8

About 12 vacancies exist for honours graduates and others who are suitably qualified. Selection will be by tests and interviews in May-July.

Candidates should possess a competent knowledge of at least one foreign language of value to the Foreign Service, and it will be an advantage to have

(a) a knowledge of a Middle Eastern or Oriental language;

or (b) a knowledge of economic, commercial, or financial matters;

or (c) a scientific education or background;

or (d) experience of journalism or public relations.

The age limits are at least 27 and under 33 on 1 August, 1960, but candidates who have served on regular engagements in HM Forces or as members of HM Overseas Civil Service may compete if they are under 45 years of age.

The men's London salary scales are £1,233-£1,460 for Grade 8, and £1,500-£2,120 for Grade 7. There are prospects of promotion to higher posts.

For further particulars and an application form write to the Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W1, quoting 292/60/10. Completed application forms should be returned by 28 April, 1960.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE London School of Economics and Political Science. Applications are invited for appointment in October 1960 to a Lectureship in Industrial and Social Psychology. Salary scale £900 × £50 - £1,350; then, subject to review, £1,425 × £75 - £1,650; plus £60 London Allowance; with superannuation benefits and family allowances. In assessing the starting salary consideration will be given to age and experience. The Lecturer will be expected to teach Social and Industrial Psychology to Personnel Management students and also to take part in the teaching of the Psychology department. Experience in industry desirable. The post offers scope for research and for the development of Industrial Psychology at the School. Applications, with the names of three referees, should be received not later than 1 April 1960 by the Secretary, The London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, WC2, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

APPLICATIONS are invited from men for the resident post of Deputy Warden at an experimental hostel for boys (ESN school leavers) in Blackheath. For further particulars and application forms apply, National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W1.

COLLET'S Chinese Gallery requires Manager with knowledge of Chinese Art and Handicrafts. Familiarity with Language desirable. Salary according to knowledge and experience. Apply in writing to Secy, 44/45 Museum St, London, WC1.

SECRETARY with first-class qualifications reqd for New Statesman. Write Manager, 10 Great Turnstile, WC1.

THE Head Office of a trade union representing professional workers in one of the nationalised industries requires immediately a Shorthand-Typist. Applicants must be experienced and able to work on own initiative. Salary within range £320 to £545 with possibility of progression to maximum of £630 per annum. Hours 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. No Saturdays. Contributory staff pension fund. Apply: Chief Clerk, EPEA, 102 St George's Square, London, SW1.

THE University of Leeds. Educated woman or girl required for clerical work (including some proof reading and typing) in the University Publications Office. Applications should be sent to the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2, as soon as possible.

UNIVERSITY College London (Gower St, WC1) requires Secretary/Shorthand-typist for department of Statistics (aged 22-28), preferably with previous secretarial experience in academic or educational institution. Five-day week and good holidays. Applications to Assistant Secretary.

SECRETARY required for Technical Manager. Senior position for young woman preferably with Science subject at 'O' level GCE. Plenty of scope for initiative. Modern office. Apply Senior Personnel Officer, GEC Ltd, Osram Lamp Division, East Lane, N. Wembley.

SMALL professional organisation requires competent clerk/typist for varied and interesting work. Five day week. Please apply giving full details of experience etc. to Box 2767.

WOULD you like to help refugees? If you are a competent shorthand-typist your services would be invaluable to International Service Department of United Nations Association. Salary up to £450 p.a., good conditions, worthwhile work. Apply: ISD of UNA, 25 Charles St, W1. GRO 2784

'JUSTICE' requires experienced secretary/personal assistant for research project. Shorthand/typing essential. Full particulars to Secretary, 'Justice', 1 Mitre Court Buildings, EC4.

INTELLIGENT young woman wanted for Ladies' Clothing Factory in City. General office duties, sketching, some modelling. Would interest someone keen on fashions. 5 day week. Hours 9-5.30. Applicant must be 14 or 16, stock size. Height 5 ft 3 in-5 ft 5 in. Good salary. 2 weeks' holiday p.a. Write giving details of age, previous jobs; height, measurements. Box 2795.

SLAVE wanted (male or female) interested in travel. Central London office. Good shorthand/typing speeds plus initiative necessary. Regular low wages can be claimed if required. Write Box 2726.

TWO socialists (16/17 yrs, 21/25 yrs) for interesting gen. office. Socialist Medical Association, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8 (WEStern 7770).

ARCHITECTS' small office in Hampstead needs a secretary shorthand/typist, with initiative and intelligence. Box 2756.

TRAVEL Service, South Kensington, offers interesting position to shorthand-typist with good English, speeds. Knowledge of languages an advantage but not essential. Box 2700.

BEST in the Galaxtic System - Tea, a Chat and a Job with Winifred Johnson (Bureau), 114 Holborn, EC1, next door to Gamages. HOLborn 0390.

THE Better job for the Better girl. Contact Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

SEC. S/T., 19/21, for well-known Architects. £9/£10. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUN. 0676.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG woman, graduate, shorthand-typist, organising ability, fluent French, literary style, good personality, varied experience, seeks interesting post. Not routine secretarial. Box 2674.

FRENCH State-school teacher (m., 32), grad. in classics, expd teaching boys 14-18, sks post in British family or school (July-August) for individ. or collective tuition. French or Latin prefd. Box 2791.

SCHOLARSHIPS

THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS
THE FACULTIES OF ARTS, ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL STUDIES AND LAW
Postgraduate Scholarships

Applications are invited for not more than three Postgraduate Research Scholarships tenable at the University of Leeds by graduates of other Universities. These Scholarships, each of the value of £360 a year plus fees, will be tenable from 1 October, 1960, for advanced study or research in the Faculties of Arts, Economic and Social Studies and Law, and will be renewable annually. Maximum tenure three years. Applications (including those of students who will graduate in June 1960) should be submitted on forms obtainable from The Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2. Closing date: 1 May, 1960

BYAM Shaw School of Drawing and Painting - The Annual competition for five Open Entrance Scholarships will be held at the end of April. These are available for men or women who wish to train as professional artists: all awards are tenable for four years. Write for details to: Secretary, Byam Shaw School, Campden St, London, W8, before the end of March

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

SENSIBLE, good-humoured, vital people should consider the advantages of living co-operatively. If the idea appeals, send s.a.e. to Community Living Association, 54 Hillfield Road, London, NW6

B/S.-room, small dining room, comfortable private, quiet house SPE 7684.

COMPLETE Service. We see every flat and room, 'phone you with details and move your baggage. Personal Accommodation Services Ltd, 28 Church Row, NW3. HAM. 0027 (10-7).

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CONGENIAL atmosphere. One sgle rm 50s. HAM 8109 after 4 or wkends. Also small 1 rm flatlet nr Baker St; cooker but no sep. kitchen; £3 10s. AMB. 9892.

MYATTS Park, Camberwell. Pleas. flatlet, kit'ette. Suit lady. Box 2797.

KENSINGTON, off Church St. B/S., family hse, share bth. £3 15s. Box 2805

PALMERS Green. Large furnished B/S. & sep. kitchen. £3 p.w. PAL. 2143.

FURN. flat, 2 rms, kit. & bathrm, modern block Cent. London, to let 6 mths, from May. C.h.w,, cent. htg, slp 2/3. 32 gns per mth incl. elec., gas etc. Box 2675.

HAMPSTEAD. Advertiser, much away, offers two mutually acquainted couples share of her large furnished flat. D/b. rm, sit. & kit. each. Share bath, 'phone. 10 gns p.w. the two. Box 2568.

SHARE s/c. small flat with one other man. St Johns Wood. £3. Box 2715.

OLD Hampstead. Bed-sitter, kitchenette, c.h.w. Quiet. Box 2728.

FURN. flat in quiet house. Bed/sit., kit.-dining room, bath. Gas heating, cooking. Twin-divan beds. £3 10s. BAL. 1682.

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LECTURES, etc—contd from p.348

HALDANE Society. Symposium: Law Reform 1960. Gordon Borrie, Dorothy Scott Stokes, Juanita Frances. Tues. 8 Mar., 6.30 p.m. Niblett Hall, Inner Temple.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns 5 p.m. Upanishads. Swami Mukhyananda at Centre, Tuesdays 7.30 Discourse. Thurs. 10 March, 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn: 'Is God a Necessity?' Vedanta mag. 2s. 6d.

'THE Law of Karma'. Public Lecture, 6 March, 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public lecture, Wed. 9 March, 6.30: 'Attitudes to Life'. Mrs Ruth Walshe. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Information TAT. 1313.

'KINSHIP': E. d'Auvergne. Mid Century Club, Leighton House, Kensington. 10 March, 8 p.m.

CONWAY Discussions. S. Place Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 8 Mar. Dr John Kelnar 'Mental Health IV: The Ministry of Psychiatry'.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 6 Mar. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D. 'March Hares: Reflections on the Population Problem'. Write for free 'Monthly Record'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m.

IIWC. Public Lecture. Free. Mr & Mrs Abels: 'Juvenile Delinquency in USA'. 8.30 p.m. Fri., 11 March. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

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UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures entitled 'Late Gothic Sculpture in Germany' will be delivered by Professor W. Paatz (Heidelberg) at 5.30 p.m. on 10, 16 and 17 March at the Courtauld Institute of Art, 20 Portman Square, W1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures entitled 'The Economic and Social History of the Mediaeval Muslim World - Certain Problems and Theories' will be delivered by Professor C. Cahen (Paris) at 5.30 p.m. on 15, 16 and 17 March at the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

17TH Century Lyric Poetry. Weekend Course: 11-13 March, Missenden Abbey Adult College, Gt Missenden, Bucks. Lectures to be given by C. G. Martin and A. Alvarez. Details from the Warden. Tel. Gt Missenden 2328.

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Department of Social Study. Certificate in Child Care. This one-year Course for candidates who intend to work in the Child Care field will be offered in October 1960 and will be integrated with the existing Courses in Psychiatric and Medical Social Work. Applications are invited from men and women who hold or are expecting to gain, a qualification (Degree with practical training, University Certificate or Post-Graduate Diploma) in Social Study or Social Science. Grants towards fees and maintenance are available to suitable applicants. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from The Director of Studies, Department of Social Study, University of Edinburgh, 49 George Square, Edinburgh, 8. Charles H. Stewart, Secretary to the University.

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HOW to Write Television Plays - Britain's first comprehensive handbook on writing, designing, directing and acting - 'The Armchair Theatre' (Weidenfeld and Nicolson 21s.). First edition sold out, second impression available all Booksellers.

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'3' Arts Quarterly. Painting, Sculpture, New Writing. First issue: March, 1960. Contributors include: Henry Moore, Gio Ponti, Stuart Holroyd, McNeil Lowry. '3' is published by the Woodstock Gallery. Editor: Frederick Palmer.

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THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Evs. 8.0. Th. & Sat. 5.0. 'Change for the Angel'. Mems.

IN-STAGE: 'Under The Influence'. A Variety in Hi-Style. 'Exhilarating Display', Times. Fridays at 8 p.m. Admission free. 9 Fitzroy Sq., W1

IRVING. Leic. Sq. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. 4-yr Cont. Revue from 2.30, Sun. 4. 7th week 13th ed. Mems.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Lst 2 perfs. Tdy. 5 & 8.15. 'The Lily White Boys'. 'A musical to remember'.

TH. Royal, E.15. MAR. 5973. Tnt. 5 & 8. 'The Long & The Short & The Tall'.

THEATRE in the Round, 41 Fitzroy Sq. 7, 8, 9 March: 'Miss Julia'. 11, 12 March: 'Missing Bodies'. Evenings at 8. Sat. mat. 5.30.

TOWER. 7.30. 4, 5, 6 (mems), 10, 11, 12 Mar.: Marlowe's 'The Jew of Malta'. Book now: CAN. 3475 (9-6) and CAN. 5111 (6-8.30). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Sholem Aleichem's 'The Big Win'. First English prod. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Mems.

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet Street, WC1. 'Rasputin', a new play by William Gerhardi, preceded by 'The Bear' by Anton Tchekov. 7.30 p.m., 9 March. 2.30 p.m. and 7.30 p.m., 10, 11, 12 March.

CONCERTS

AN Evening of Poetry and Music presented by The Apollo Society, St. Pancras Town Hall, Sun., 13 Mar., at 8. Readers: Dame Edith Evans and Christopher Hassall. Patricia Carroll (Pianoforte). Tickets: 2s. (unres.) TER. 7070.

CONCERTS—continued

ICA, Wigmore Hall, Tuesday, 8 March, 8 p.m. Works by Boulez, Webern & Schoenberg. Electronic Music by Berio & Maderna. The Morley Quartet. New Music Ensemble. Dorothy Dorow (soprano), John Carewe (cond.) Tickets: 9s. & 6s. (reserved), 3s. (unreserved) from The Wigmore Hall (WEL. 2141).

'THE Interpretation of Renaissance Chamber Music'. A talk by Maxwell Ward, with musical illustrations played by the In Nomine Players, Royal Festival Hall Recital Room, Wed., 9 March, 8.15. Tickets 5s. WAT. 3191.

'DOMAINE Musical' 92nd Concert of French Music. Morley College, SE1. Fri., 11 March, at 7.30. Works by Debussy, Boulez, Ballif, Martinet. Tkts 5s. at doors.

MINDRU Katz piano recital for CORRA and World Refugee Year, Wed., 16 March, at 7.45 p.m., Leighton House, Holland Pk. Invitations 1 gn. from F. Pitt, 19 Cranbourne Road, N10.

GUITAR Society Recital, Caxton Hall, Victoria St, SW1. Mon. 7 March at 8 p.m. Admission 3s. 6d.

FOLK Music Concert, Cecil Sharp House, 2 Regent's Park Road, NW1, Sunday, 6 March, 7.30 p.m.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). The Comedie Francaise in Moliere's Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. 12 Films by Ingmar Bergman. Until 6 Mar. 'Waiting Women' (X). From 7 Mar. 'Summer with Monika' (A). 'Coventry Cathedral' (U)

CHINESE Colour Film, 'New Year Sacrifice'. Refreshments. Saturday, 5 March, 8 p.m. at Lascelles Girls' School, Porlock Avenue, West Harrow. Presented by Britain-China Friendship Association, Hendon, Harrow & District Branch. Tickets 1s. 6d., available at door or EDGware 3036.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to the Rocky Gallagher Trio, today, Sat. 5 March, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s., guests 5s. Non-Members will not be admitted unless accompanied by a Member.

DANCE at Hampstead Town Hall, Hamp. Labour Party & Cen. Lon. Fabian Socy, Sat., 5 March. Dancing 8-11.30 to Steve Allen's Band. Tickets 4s. at door

GRAND Dance Large Ballroom Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, WC1, Saturday 5 March, International Friendship League. 7.30-11 p.m. Tickets at the Hotel 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Henrion 'Things and Symbols' Exhibition of a General Consultant Designer's Work. Extended to 19 March. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free.

THE Under Thirties. An Exhibition of the work of Young Craftsmen at the Crafts Centre of Great Britain, 16/17 Hay Hill, W1, until 26 March, 1960. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sat. 10-12.30. Admission free.

CONTEMPORARY Polish Graphic Art Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1 Till 19 March. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs 10-8. Adm. 1s.

FRENCH 18th Century Furniture Design Drawings from the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Sq, SW1. Till 19 Mar.. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thrs. 10-8. Ad. 1s.

THE Chinese Picture Room, 13 New Quebec St, W1. PAD. 4643 (behind Marble Arch Corner House). New and old paintings from China, reproductions antique pottery, etc. 10-7, ex Thurs., Sun.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Clemente: new paintings, till 23 March, 10-6.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine, and other exhibitions Mon.-Fri., 10-5 Free

EXHIBITIONS—continued

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Osborne - Paintings. Until 25 March, 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

KAPLAN Gallery International Choice: Twentieth Century Paintings and Sculpture, 6 Duke Street, St James's.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Keith Vaughan Recent paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Till 19 March. 142 New Bond St, W1.

MARLBOROUGH Fine Art Ltd, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Important Watercolours and Drawings and Contemporary Sculpture. 23 Feb. (for 4 weeks). 10-5 p.m Sats. 10-12.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. MOU. 4917. Opening Exhib. 2 Sclptrs & 2 Pntrs. Laurence Josephs, Paul Hamann, Alfred Harris & Henry Sanders. Dly incl. Sats 10-5.30. Thurs. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1 Recent Paintings by Avray Wilson: & Selected French Paintings. Hours 10-6, Sats 10-1. Exhibition closes 18 March.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Sickert. (Weekdays 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1).

RWS Galleries, 26 Conduit Street, W1. Royal Society of Painter-Etchers & Engravers. Annual Exhibition. Until 24 March. 10-5. Sats 10-1. Admn 1s.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Drawings, watercolours: Jankel Adler 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. Commonwealth Students Exhibition. From 29 Feb.-19 March. 10-6. Sats 10-1.

EVA Hauser Gallery, 281a Finchley Rd. NW3. Leslie Dyer 22 Feb.-19 March Daily 9.30-6, Thurs 9.30-1

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Ptgs etc. George Chapman. Till 26 Mar

NUDES of Jean Straker - Photography. 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

FOUR MINUTES TO SUICIDE

An Analysis of the Truth about
Britain's Defence Policy.

PUBLIC MEETING
at St Pancras Town Hall.

Thursday, 10 March, 7.30 p.m.

Speakers: Earl Russell, Michael Foot,
Konni Zilliacus, Judith Hart,
John Horner, Ian Mikardo.

Tickets: 2s. at the door, or from London Regional Council CND, 5 Caledonian Road, N1, or from the Partisan Coffee House, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

LONDON NLR CLUB
Monday, 7 March, 7.30 for 8 p.m.
at Woodberry Down Comprehensive School
The Principal, Mrs Chetwynd, speaks
on
THE COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL
(Manor House tube station)
Admission free. Collection.

THE NEW JEWISH SOCIETY

presents The World's Future No. 4
'The Future of Plenty'

Professor J. D. Bernal, FRS. Wed., 9 March, at 8.30 p.m.

83 Chiltern St, W1.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun., 6 March, 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'A Second Chance for Secularism': David Tribe.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'The Adaptation of Imported Law in Africa' will be delivered by Sir Kenneth Roberts Wray, QC, at 5 p.m. on 14 March at the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 'Jazz'. Sandy Brown presents Personal Choice: Alun Morgan – British Jazz since 1946, Wed. 9 March, 8 p.m. Adm. 2s. 6d., members 1s. 6d. 'Literature'. A Symposium on Albert Camus. Speakers: John Cruickshank, Anthony Hartley, Bernard Wall, F. R. Smith. Chairman: Prof. A. G. Lehmann, Thurs. 10 March, 8.15 p.m. Adm. 3s., members 1s. 6d.

BOYCOTT Meeting at Hampstead Town Hall, Tues., 8 March, 8 p.m. Speakers: Lord Altrincham, S. Sachs, Raymond Kunene. Chairman: Norman Bentwich.

TOTAL Disarmament. Let it Begin with Us. Public Meeting. Central Hall, Westminster, Thursday, 31 March, 8 p.m. Buffet and Bookstall from 6.30 p.m. Speakers: Victor Gollancz, Stuart Morris, Donald Soper, Michael Tippett, Sybil Thorndike. Chairman: Sybil Morrison. Admission free. Some reserved seats at 2s. 6d. from The Organiser, Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh St, London, WC1. EUS. 5501.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Ilsa Barea on 'Changes in Continental Socialism'. Wed. 9 March, 7.30 p.m. at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Visitors 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Sec, 42a Westbere Rd, NW2.

NLR Principles of Socialism Study Group, 'Theory of a Transition': Henry Collins 3 p.m., 6 March. Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

NLR Literature & Politics Study Group The Political Novel. Kafka, 'Trial': Graham Martin. 8 p.m., 10 March. Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

'LES Forces Politiques dans la 5eme Republique' by M. Georges Lavau. Institut Français, Queensberry Place, SW7, Tuesday 8 March, 6.15 p.m. Admssn free.

FORWARD to 1964. Fabian Spring Lectures in London. Anthony Crosland, Kenneth Younger, Sydney Jacobson, Anthony Wedgwood Benn. Tuesdays from 15 Mar. Dets from 11 Dartmouth St, SW1.

LONDON Film Group. Sunday 6 March, 7.30 p.m. Bricklayers Arms, Broadwick St, (nr Wardour St). 'March to Aldermaston', 'It's a Grand Life'. Members 1s., non-members 2s.

'FRIENDS and the Wider Christian Community': Spkr: G. Ronald Howe. Sun., 6 March at 6.30 p.m. Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1. All welcome.

HAMPSTEAD Humanist Society. Today 5 Mar., 2.45 p.m., at 39 Priory Rd, NW6. Hector Hawton: 'Humanism and Sex'.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 4 March, 8 p.m., Michael Kullmann: 'Brothers Karamazov, Dostoevsky'. Fri. 11 March, 8 p.m., Dr E. Lampert on return from Russia: 'Academic Contacts in Moscow'. At 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11, Tues. 8 March, 8 p.m., B. I. Elkin: 'Last pre-Revolutionary Years in History of Russian Intelligentsia' (Russian).

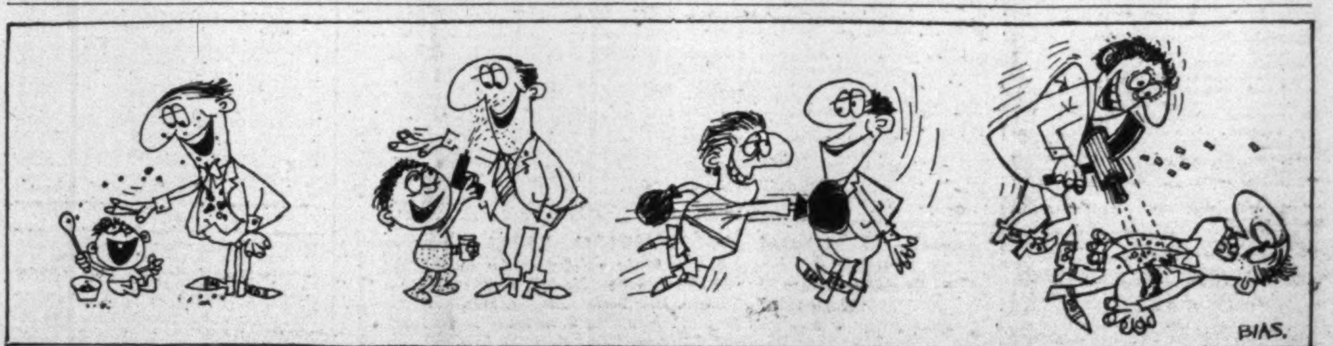
BEN Uri Literary Circle. New Poetry: Martin Bell, Peter Porter and Peter Redgrove will read from own work. Sun. 6 March, 8 p.m. 14, Portman St, W1.

THE Splinter Group, Conway Hall, Thurs. 10 March, 7.30. 'Is Publicity ruining our civilisation?'. Visitors 3s. 6d. See Personal Column.

AMERICAN Embassy USIS Lectures. 'The Background of America's Present World Position'. Thurs. 10 March, 8 p.m. 41 Grosvenor Sq. Everett Gleason, Cultural Attaché, on 'The Process of Policy Formulation'.

DAILY Worker 30th Birthday Celebration. Royal Albert Hall, Sun. 13 March, 2.45 p.m. Paul Robeson, John Gollan, George Matthews, Dean of Canterbury. All tickets 2s. from 'Daily Worker Rally', 75 Farringdon Rd, EC1.

LECTURES, etc.—continued on p.347



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